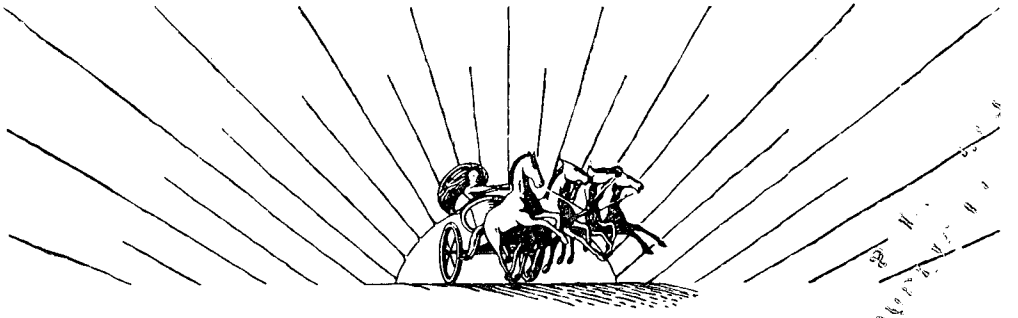

THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

FRANCO-GERMAN reconciliation is a subject on which many views are possible. Like nearly all Frenchmen, — Marshal Foch among them, — Jules Sauerwein has a German name, but this does not mean that his sympathies are on the wrong side of the Rhine. He is simply an advocate of co-operation, and has lately been spending some time in Germany interviewing important men there who share his views. Robert de Flers is the traditional Frenchman *par excellence*. His uncompromising attitude toward Germany is in the best Die-hard tradition, and his ironic literary style revives the almost lost art of political invective.

❦ ❦ ❦

Mr. Ossovskii's discussion of the Russian Communist Party throws light on a state of affairs with which few Americans can possibly be familiar. The fact that an official Bolshevist organ should at length consent to print this unflattering account of the high-handed methods of the Party not only establishes the author's position but also indicates to what a serious pass matters have come.

❦ ❦ ❦

Julius Kaliski's article on the Steel Cartel should be read with certain reservations. It is not yet time to get a considered analysis of every detail of the present agreement, but this one gives a somewhat biased view of the background of the new trust, as well as a general idea of its main provisions. Before the war patriotic Germans would have considered the *Sozialistische Monatshefte* a very much redder publication than they would now. Still more open to rebuttal is *Humanités* picture of conditions in Morocco. This Communist daily would naturally give one side of the case, but since we have heard so much of the marvels of the French protectorate it is perhaps just as well to look at the other side of the coin.

❦ ❦ ❦

M. de Gerando's account of the Macedonian revolutionists is as good as an Anthony Hope novel, and proves once more that romance is by no means dead in the queerer parts of the Balkan Peninsula. If the much-mooted Balkan Locarno ever takes place, it will be interesting to see what Protogueroff will do about it. Captain Hans Rose's account of the U-53's trip to America is another 'truth is stranger than fiction' document. From this hitherto unpublished narrative one gathers that the point of Captain Rose's mission was to show the world that submarine warfare could be as effective as the British blockade. The concluding installment in our next issue tells of a lively day at the periscope and an even livelier return voyage.

❦ ❦ ❦

How refreshing it is to read a frank account of America by a real foreigner. Shigetsu Sasaki's opinions of our habits and morals are not restrained by any silly code of Anglo-Saxon or European politeness, and the doubtful errors into which he falls are less profound than the fundamental if well-intentioned misconceptions of many English and European visitors. Unfortunately the Japanese language is so totally different from ours that many felicitous touches are necessarily lost in translation. Since the cultivated Irishman speaks the best English in the British Isles, we should be thin-skinned indeed to resent 'Y. O.'s' just comments on our strange speech.

❦ ❦ ❦

We are printing the Galsworthy-Ervine debate in the belief that most of our readers were interested in Mr. Ervine's provocative review of *Escape*, which appeared in our September 25 issue. American audiences will undoubtedly have a chance to see this play for themselves this season.

❦ ❦ ❦

The Chinese brigands and the Russian women need no explanation, but Maurice Baring's poem does. Ivo Grenfell, the only surviving son of Lord and Lady Desborough, was killed in a motor accident on October 8, and his two brothers both died in the war.

❦ ❦ ❦

Dean Inge would be likely to approve of the patriotic tone of Colonel Fuller's article on the English spirit, though he might find it a trifle too light-hearted in spots. The author won his D. S. O. in the Great War, and was decorated for his services in South Africa during the Boer War. In 1920 he published a book entitled *Tanks in the Great War*.

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THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD

THE fact that the coal strike did not end early in October caused no little surprise in many quarters; but as we said in our last issue, the drift back to work had set in. Just how much this return amounts to may be judged by the recent exhortations of Mr. A. J. Cook. The Tory *Morning Post*, its ear ever pricked for seditiousness among the Laborites, says that Mr. Cook 'told the Wigan miners that the return to work had got to be stopped. "Stopped they must be," he exclaimed — "brought out, law or no law." Again, at St. Helens he said: "It will be our turn next, and God help some of the coal owners and police officials." And at Leigh, in Lancashire, he called every man who had gone back to work "a blackleg and a Judas." Such threats are backed by actions. There have been assaults and riots; miners and police have been stoned. And we notice that a subordinate agitator the other day was sent to prison for six months for doing nothing more than follow the example and obey the instructions of the Executive.'

Still Dragging On

The man in the street, however, is interested in his winter's coal bill, and the *Daily Telegraph's* Labor correspondent makes this prophecy: 'At this time last year we had a weekly output of 4,680,000 tons, and this week we may get 1,000,000 tons from the mines, supplemented by a million tons of imported coal. Last year output gradually rose to a figure higher than 5,000,000 tons during the winter, and this year, if the Miners' Federation has any success in the withdrawal of miners, the million tons output will decline. For home consumption — I mean home in the broader sense, including industrial and household coals — we need about 3,500,000 tons of coal as a normal average. If as a nation we fail to get that, scarcity leads to high prices. Believing that we have passed the pinnacle in scarcity and price, the Midland colliery owners have come to an understanding that they will not let the price of coal go any higher, and London householders should anticipate a downward tendency in the cost of retail supplies. It may be down a penny on the hundredweight bag this morning, but any desire to reduce the price is tempered by serious difficulties.

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There is first the possibility of a prolongation of the strike, subject to decision to-day; there is the fact that merchants have bought at very high prices while stocks steadily accumulate; and there is competition from Northern industries for good coal.'

Mr. Frank Hall, secretary of the Derbyshire miners' organization, is not so sanguine. He says: 'If Derbyshire is any criterion of what is happening, you may take it that the fight will go on with intensity until, in fact, coal may reach the figure of ten shillings a hundredweight. The miners are not likely to give in for another month. They have now nothing to lose, and if ways and means cannot be found for their return on a decent wage they can only continue the struggle for another month, if necessary.'

The *Economist* feels that matters are more serious than anyone had expected, and remarks: 'We shall be fortunate if our forecast of a general resumption by mid-November is achieved.'

Two Conferences

Both the Labor and the Conservative Party have been, as the saying goes, in conference. The Conservative affair was not unlike one of our own Republican conventions. After a number of pleasantly dull speeches, the four following resolutions were passed: '(*a*) to make illegal any strike called without a secret ballot of the members of the trade-unions affected; (*b*) to increase the security of the individual worker against victimization and intimidation on account of his political beliefs; (*c*) to make mass picketing and the picketing of a man's private residence illegal; (*d*) to require national accounts of trade-unions to be audited by certified accountants.' Attention was focused on the House of Lords and trade-union reform.

Soon after the Tories broke up, the Parliamentary Labor Party met 'in noisy conference at Margate,' as the *Saturday Review* says. According to this Conservative weekly, 'the issue throughout was the struggle between the orthodox Socialists and the Communists.' By a vote of over three million to a bare two hundred thousand, affiliation with the Communists was voted down. The *Economist* remarked on the fact that there were real differences of opinion between the platform and the floor — a state of affairs all too seldom found in meetings of the steam roller type. 'The range of subjects covered by the Conference,' says the paper, 'was wide, but the resolutions carried were on the whole modest and moderate. There were moments of excitement, which have received a good deal of publicity in the newspapers. They were, however, but lively interludes in several days of earnest debate. It has been what the Party regards as a good conference. There was sufficient liveliness to avoid dull monotony, and sufficient steadiness to avoid rash decisions. The Conference, apart from its gloomy view of the present mining situation, was optimistic. It was not "highfaluting." Several months of office, the general strike, and the mining stoppage, have provided food for thought. The old irresponsible spirit which throve on propaganda has given way to a sense of responsibility. The Conference envisaged the next Labor Government, and judged the proposals which came before it with an eye to their practicability.'

Lord Asquith

While Laborites and Tories look to the future, the Liberal Party surveys its past through the valedictory gaze of Lord Oxford and Asquith. The resignation of this nice old gentleman from what was becoming a more and more nominal position as Party leader stimulated many effusive editorial farewells. Lloyd George himself sped the parting

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figure on its uncertain journey with a word of sympathy and cheer. The *Westminster Gazette*, the only Liberal paper to take Lord Oxford's side in his dispute with Lloyd George, strikes this spirited note: 'What the country needs and wants is a Liberal Party which presents itself as a mediating influence in the struggle of interests into which the other Parties are drifting; which sets its face firmly against the "class war," whether waged by trade-unionists on the one side or by the champions of property on the other; which will be always on guard for the defense of Parliament against the advocates of direct action on either side. If these essentials are guaranteed, the Liberal Party can go forward confidently with the constructive policies, which also are an urgent necessity; but if they are uncertain, or Liberals are uncertain about them, it will be in imminent danger of becoming an opportunist group for hire or purchase by the other Parties.'

Matters Imperial

Mr. S. M. Bruce, Premier of Australia, was perhaps the most striking of all the Dominion premiers assembled in London for the Imperial Conference. Having stroked the Cambridge crew in 1904, he was naturally in line for an important career. He served as an officer in both Gallipoli and France, and since the Armistice his rise in Australian politics has been meteoric. Only forty years of age, he is the youngest of the Dominion premiers. Asked by the *Morning Post* for his opinion of the Conference, he said three issues would predominate: (*a*) interimperial and international relations; (*b*) defense; and (*c*) interimperial trade and economics. Regarding the future of the Empire he said: 'There could have been in the past, and there can be now, no form of written constitution suitable to our progressive advancement. Had there been a written Empire Constitution during recent years, it would either have been shattered by the circumstances arising out of the war or, alternatively, it would have wrecked the Empire. It is in the elasticity of our relations that safety lies. Australia's position is clear, and can be defined in a few words: she stands wholeheartedly for the Empire, and anything necessary to preserve the unity of the Empire, while recognizing the full autonomy of each individual part, will receive sympathy and support from us.'

In the opinion of the *Morning Post*, the Conference should work out two important schemes: Australia must be colonized if it is to be kept white, and Canada must be saved 'from the complex and increasing dangers of a mixed population, of which the United States offers so instructive an example.'

J. L. Garvin, writing in the *Observer*, agrees with both Mr. Bruce and the *Morning Post* that there must at all costs be no talk of an Imperial Constitution, though what there has been talk about behind closed doors he does not say. The pro-Labor *Daily Herald* alone draws a distinction between the self-governing Dominions who have 'dropped' rather than 'cut' the painter that hitched them to the mother ship, and the 'subject races' of India, who, 'ruled and exploited by aliens,' are already experiencing 'a widespread feeling of revolt.' 'That spirit is growing both in extent and in force. It cannot, in the long run, be denied or successfully opposed. But unless the mood of the British ruling class changes, it will be opposed so long and so stubbornly that the history of the "colored" Empire will be tragically different from the peaceful evolution of the "white" Empire which is now on the threshold of an entirely new phase.'

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One of the problems now facing the mother country is whether it shall throw in its lot with its Dominions or with its European neighbors. The European Steel Cartel makes it necessary for England to decide on one course or the other. The strong likelihood is that she will stick with her Dominions and further develop a system of mutually favorable tariff walls, rather than become a minor party in a foreign combination.

Julius Kaliski's article in this issue makes a point that is popular with a certain type of European, — notably Caillaux, — that England has always endeavored to prevent her Continental neighbors from coöperating. At the present moment, however, it is likely that the big English industrialists are more concerned with promoting Imperial coöperation than with thwarting similar plans on the Continent. The point is made that in England steel and iron industries are not developed as they are on the Continent, and that the British would be foolish to go in with a group of more efficient partners. England is not, however, averse to making a little dicker of her own with Germany, for she realizes that she must pool some of her interests with somebody else in order to compete with American large-scale production. Colonel Vernon Willey, ex-President of the Federation of British Industries, spoke of his conference with German industrialists as follows: —

'Our aim was to see how we could increase the general volume of world trade, and not to limit it. By such an increase all are bound to profit and benefit. Any agreements to be justified must, of course, be in the interests of the consumer, and result in a downward trend of prices. Is it reasonable to contemplate that there can be such a tremendous increase in the world's purchasing power that the industrial countries can get rid of a manufacturing output sufficiently near one hundred per cent to risk the eventuality of demand overtaking supply, as it might have done in pre-war times, with a resulting unreasonable raising of prices? Even among the British such a coming together of such a heavy-weight team, so to speak, of industrialists has never happened before in British history, and it is all to the good.

'I should like to emphasize the good effect this conference should have on the United States. Continued economic squabbles in Europe discourage American investment, and this evidence of our pacific intentions is bound to help feeling in America, and accelerate its financial contact with European reconstruction.

'Lastly, we must all have profited from the close contact and view we got of German industrial organizations and the way in which international problems in certain trades had been dealt with to the interest of both the worker and the consumer.'

The Steel Cartel

Our article on the Steel Cartel gives the main background and general provisions of what may well be one of the most significant steps toward a reconstructed Europe that have been made since the Armistice. Opinion on such an important matter forms slowly. The English prefer to suspend judgment, but the Germans, with the exception of the Communists and certain rabid Nationalists, are jubilant. The Radical element sees the pact simply as an alliance against Russia, and incidentally America, but does not dignify the movement with the magic adjective 'international.' *Vorwärts* emphasizes the dangers of monopoly, but other journals agree that the pact augurs better things for Germany and for all Europe.

In spite of the severe depression

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caused by deflation, the German steel industry has gone from strength to strength in the past few years, and now that the worst of the reconstruction period is over still greater things may be expected of it.

Pan-Europa

'Yesterday Europe was a battlefield; to-day it is an anachronism; and to-morrow it will be a federation.' In these words, and a great many more in the same vein, Dr. Coudenhove-Kalergi greeted the first Pan-European Conference in Vienna. The Danish writer Karin Michaelis, attending the Conference simply as a sympathetic observer, described the Count as 'the hero of a young girl's dream,' and was deeply impressed by his simple earnestness. The delegates of twenty-four nations included Monsignor Seipel of Austria, Politis of Greece, ex-Chancellor Wirth of Germany, Kerenskii of Russia, and, from the United States, Frederick H. Allen. Our readers are already familiar with the aims of this movement, whose success is remarkable testimony to the ability of its leader. We say success because, whatever the immediate consequences of Dr. Coudenhove-Kalergi's activities may be, it is certain that he will have played an important rôle in the formation of this new Europe of steel cartels and free trade, of which we have been hearing so much. The Pan-European Congress can at least be looked on as part of the intellectual preparation for a far-reaching rearrangement of world forces.

Radicals in France

Turning from matters of vast international import to mere nations, we find French politics in about the same state as usual. The Radical Party's session at Bordeaux was pronounced a dead failure by the Conservative *Journal des Débats* and by the Communist *L'Humanité*. *Le Quotidien*, however, thought it a great success. Caillaux was the sensation of the meeting. He announced that France, like Germany and Czechoslovakia, could not revive its currency except by securing foreign credits. He defended the debt settlement he made with Churchill as the best possible under the circumstances: 'When the English proposed to wipe the slate clean, we refused, and preferred to march into the Ruhr,' he cried in the course of an attack on Poincaré, and added that Americans had told him France could have got better terms in 1919 than now. That, too, was no fault of the Left Wing. Amid cries of 'Down with Poincaré!' M. Caillaux concluded by saying: 'Let us not be intransigent, but let us try by political means for a cancellation of the debts.' According to *Le Quotidien*, M. Caillaux indulged in 'acrobatic exercises' to attract the attention of the Chair.

Russian Rumblings

It is no easier than usual to write with much certainty about the political leaders of Russia. The Stalin-Trotskii fight can be seen in various lights. Some regard it as a question of Semitism. Others feel that Trotskii is standing up for the principle of differences of opinion within the Party — a subject to which one of the articles in this issue is devoted. Still others say that Stalin has favored the rich peasant, while Trotskii prefers to concentrate on a more vigorous and even military foreign policy.

The economy régime — about the only thing in Russia that has a Coolidge ring to it — presents certain difficulties. In a recent speech to factory workers, Rykov, President of the Soviet of Commissars, declared that in order to put Russian industry on its feet many factories that have been closed for years must now be opened. To obtain the money to run these factories, economy was most necessary,

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and he once more appealed to the workers to cure themselves of their disease of loafing, which has become a regular epidemic. Meanwhile the white-collar men are being cleaned out and having their salaries cut. Economy has been carried to such a point that the scrub-women in government establishments have so meagre an allowance of cleaning rags that they frequently have to use their bare hands.

Lithuania and Russia

In her treaty with Russia, Lithuania has succeeded in getting her right to Vilno recognized by at least one moderately responsible government. The pact itself calls for mutual forbearance to aid in case of war any enemy of either party. It is said that Lithuania's claim to her historic capital, which, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, is culturally Polish, historically Lithuanian, and ethnically Jewish, delayed the negotiations. The *Manchester Guardian* attacks the League's 'pusillanimity' in allowing Poland to hold the city after having been guilty of a 'flagrant violation of an honorable engagement.' This refers to General Zeligovski's seizure of the city on October 9, 1920. The Lithuanian press speaks of the anniversary of this occasion as 'a day of mourning and agony.'

Two New Governments

Minorities seem to be more fortunate in Czechoslovakia than in Poland or Lithuania, whichever it is. The prestige of President Masaryk's republic has been strengthened by the inclusion of three German members in the new Cabinet. This is the first time since the founding of this new State that any elements beside Czechs and Slovaks have been given a hand in national affairs. At the same time Austria is making a change. Chancellor Ramek has been succeeded by Monsignor Seipel, who was proclaimed by the Pan-European Congress a 'good European' in the Nietzschean sense of the word. His return to power was the result of an inquiry into what is known as the Central Bank scandal. This institution, originally formed from a group of smaller bodies, recently received from the Government 62,500,000 Austrian shillings — roughly $50,000,000 — without the authorization of Parliament. The Socialists tried to impeach the existing officials, but the motion was defeated, and the investigation which followed revealed these facts, which the *Daily Herald's* Viennese correspondent sums up in this way: —

'(1) In October 1925 the Government ordered the State Post Savings Bank to give the Central Bank a loan under conditions amounting to a net gift of £30,000, with interest. This was done in return for the help which the Central Bank rendered to the Bank of Styria, of which the then Governor of Styria and now Minister of Education, Herr Rintelen, is the head. In July 1926 the Bank of Styria again got £12,000 out of public funds without any security being given.

'(2) In May 1926 the Government placed £630,000 out of the League of Nations Loan with the big banks — among them the Central Bank — at the rate of three per cent, while it had itself to pay eight per cent for the loan. This was done in return for the assistance given by the banks to a number of agricultural coöperatives in Styria, in which leading politicians of the ruling Clerical Party were intimately associated.

'(3) The decision to put £10,000,000 at the disposal of the Central Bank, which was then actually in the state of bankruptcy, was arrived at, behind closed doors, at an informal gathering of ministers without any minutes being taken.'

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As usual, there is little news from Spain. The London *Times* prints a dispatch sent by mail, and therefore not subject to censorship, from which one gathers that Primo is beginning to feel the strain of his job: 'Pictures of General Primo de Rivera taken in the course of his political career plainly reveal the progressive effect of the enormous strain placed upon him by his labors as head of the Government. They show how he has aged far beyond the three years of office and how far he has left the prime of his life behind him. His hair has become white, and those who see him frequently declare that his face often reflects weariness. Always big in build, he is heavier in body than ever, his portliness being due no doubt to the fact that, like most of his countrymen, he takes little exercise and is irregular in his habits. He does a certain amount of riding, and finds time, in spite of his enormous burdens, to devote his attention to social amenities, fully enjoying, indeed, the good things of life. This burning of the candle at both ends has greatly added to his difficulties, and is a weak spot of which his enemies take every advantage. A true soldier and the most fearless man in Spain, a tribute of no mean order, he was asked a few days ago if he did not long to return to a soldier's life. His reply summed up his feelings: "It is my home I long for." But the General has no alternative, until he finds someone to take his place, but to carry on. After three years' striving to put the nation's house in order there is still so much to be done that he dare not relinquish his post and hand over the reins of government to another.'

Uncertain Spain

The conclusion of the Japanese South Seas Trade Conference attracted wide comment in the native press. Japanese financing in these districts is in the hands of the Bank of Japan and the Yokohama Specie Bank, but the withdrawal of three other sources of credit has been a matter of anxious attention. *Chugai Shogyo* cautioned against bringing new banks into existence until further developments were assured. During the war reckless financing caused an excessive growth of overseas trade. The present luxury tariff of one hundred per cent came in for a good deal of criticism. Aimed to check luxurious habits and to swell revenues, it simply accentuated the economic depression that followed the war. In suggesting that this tariff be lifted entirely, certain South Seas concerns, according to *Jiji*, abandoned for once the selfish policy that did so much to invalidate their views on other subjects.

South Seas Trade

The Conference at least served to make clear the needs of the very numerous interests represented. Although it tended to ask a good deal from the Government, the time for a definite policy has arrived. The *Japan Weekly Chronicle* says: 'Unless a good trade policy is elaborated quickly and vigorously pursued, the exchange situation, which is in a fair way to recovery, may again receive a check, and develop an unfavorable tendency. In the meantime the oversea market will be captured by Western rivals, with no prospect of Japan regaining the lost ground. Now that the needs of the Japanese traders with the South Seas have been made clear, it is necessary for the Government authorities to be up and doing. On the other hand, the traders concerned will coöperate with one another in pushing forward the country's trade interests in competition with foreign rivals, instead of depending solely on official encouragement and help, as otherwise it will be impossible for them to improve the present situation. That the Japanese Gov-

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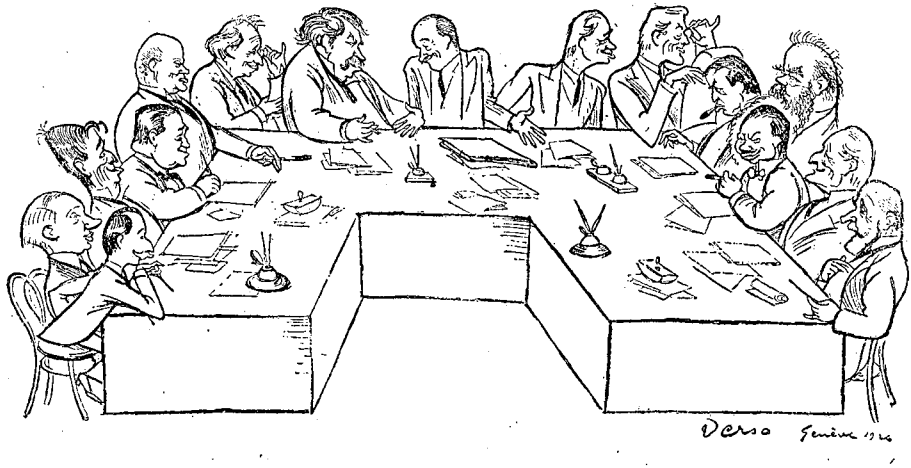
ernment authorities and business men met in conference for ten days and discussed the ways and means of developing Japan's trade with the South Seas has aroused considerable interest among the Western traders, and it would be regrettable if the South Seas Conference did nothing more than attract their attention.'

Chinese Troubles

Other districts in China are following the lead of Canton and are imposing extra duties. The horrible plight of the foreigner in Peking can best be appreciated from the following Reuter dispatch: 'Shantung is already following the Cantonese example, and even in Peking, under the noses of the diplomatists, the harassed foreigner is paying twenty-five per cent more for his whiskey because of the new taxation imposed without regard to treaties.' In spite of this outrage, Japan is proceeding very cautiously, and a high authority in Tokyo told the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent that his Government would do nothing until the present civil war subsided, even if there were a responsible Government at Peking for them to deal with. He also declared that Japan is practising the most open diplomacy in order to avoid menacing the entire peace of the Far East. Chang Tso-lin has meanwhile refused to receive the Soviet *chargé d'affaires* as he was passing through Mukden on his way to Peking. Yet the Manchurian war lord is reported to be in a friendly mood toward the Christian General Feng, who was recently in Moscow himself.

AT GENEVA



Reading from left to right: Guerrara (San Salvador), Zaleski (Poland), Urrutia (Colombia), Villega (Chile), Stresemann (Germany), Sciacolcia (Italy), Briand (France), Beneš (Czechoslovakia), Drummond (General Secretary), Chamberlain (England), Ishii (Japan), De Brouckère (Belgium), Chao Sin Chu (China), Loudon (Holland), Mitileanu (Rumania) — *Sydsvenska Dagbladet Snällposten*

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STRESEMANN AND FRANCE

BY JULES SAUERWEIN AND ROBERT DE FLERS

[THE first of these articles is by the leading correspondent of *Le Matin*, who has been recently urging on his own account some scheme for Franco-German reconciliation. It appeared in the September 27 issue of that journal. The second is by the literary editor of *Figaro*, who is also a member of the French Academy and the author of many successful plays. His article appeared in *Le Figaro* of the same date.]

I. INTERVIEWING STRESEMANN

FOR some time, and especially since a conversation that I had with him on the train from Basel to Berlin, I have noticed that Stresemann, with all his oratorical and tactical ability, has as many mysterious qualities as Briand. A very real appreciation of men and things is joined to the gift of erecting imaginary monuments of what he is later going to build. Is n't this nothing more or less than logic, and does n't it suggest an architect who dreams his creation before putting it on paper and calling in the contractor? This kind of person is not very fond of having close analysis applied to his work, but I may say that Stresemann stands the process patiently, and does nothing to discourage it.

I have seen him several times since, and this morning in his office on Wilhelmstrasse he was smoking a little light cigar and drinking a glass of milk. 'Well,' he said with a smile of welcome, 'I see that your country, too, is entering on an era of technical studies. But what is the opinion there about the Franco-German rapprochement?'

I gave him an objective account of the matter, without dodging the difficulties that experts, both military and financial, would bring up. He was fazed for a moment. 'I am not surprised,' he said. 'The expert in both countries is never at a loss for objections. But let us not forget the English saying, "Where there's a will there's a way." The one fact behind all this dispute is that Briand and I sincerely agreed and endeavored to realize this great work of reconciliation. I believe that neither of us is a bad patriot. In examining the future of Europe, we saw much that was gloomy and difficult about it if our two nations continued to suspect each other. On the other hand, it seemed clear and prosperous if we could get together.

'We thought not only of ourselves, but of the other nations on the Continent to whom our coöperation can bring the benefits that accompany eternal peace. Our agreement will be all the more effective if it is accomplished with the coöperation of Powers who, like England, Belgium, and Italy, signed the Rhineland Treaty with us at Locarno.

'As to France and Germany, everything is ready for a reconciliation. Their economic resources are complementary. Their geographic vicinity, their uncontested valor, their ability to work, and their sense of law and order — all these will help too. We thought that the best way of preparing

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for this future state of agreement would be to share whatever good things each of us can produce and to consent mutually to certain concessions that would relieve our respective situations. I shall not enter into the details, which have not yet been gone into anyway.

'The whole world press is going to be full of talk about financial combinations. The stabilization of French finances will play a most important rôle. At the same time, on the German side the question of whether or not our exchange can support the transfer of large sums of money will also be discussed passionately. I rather dread these discussions. They may well deflect people's ideas from politics to financial controversies.

'What great things have happened in recent years! The hate and passion of the war have progressively declined, and given way to mutual comprehension and to hope in future coöperation. You saw what happened the other day at a reception of journalists, when someone asked if a business contract were in the making. It only shows what a narrow conception some people have of these matters.

'It is obvious that both countries have made sacrifices, and, to speak frankly, France must renounce rights she believed she acquired by virtue of her treaties, and Germany must give up certain prerogatives that the same contracts and treaties assured her. Mutual recognition of common interests is itself a considerable improvement in Franco-German relations.

'Will the sacrifices be very large on either side? I do not think so, if one considers them in the light of the future for which we want to prepare ourselves.

'Do you really think, taking into consideration the atmosphere at Geneva and our intimate collaboration in the League of Nations, that you would be able to occupy our territory for many years more without lending yourselves to an impossible code of morals? On our side, if we could by transfers of money help you by supplying you with necessary resources, would it not be natural that we should do so if we really had the intention of coöperating in every way? I noticed with interest how readily international discussions that would facilitate an understanding between responsible ministers were undertaken. After our interview at Thoiry, Briand spoke in most friendly terms of his confidence in me. I believe that I have done nothing to shake this confidence.

'For my part, I may say that the foreign policy of Germany toward France in recent years has been founded on the confidence that Briand has inspired in us. I shall never forget our first conversation at Locarno where we both, as the expression goes, "talked European."

'This spirited, active man would be able to accomplish equally great things in positions other than that of Prime Minister or Minister of Foreign Affairs, but I am sure his faith in his ideas will keep him at his post out of a sense of duty. One of his ideas is to realize Franco-German reconciliation as the corner stone of European peace. I am not in a position to judge to what extent French opinion has been won over to this policy. In Germany, in any case, it has gained a great deal of ground. Those interests in the Rhineland and Westphalia that people in your country consider to represent nationalism have been the pioneers along this road, and I can say to-day that the Government, by pursuing a policy founded on mutual assistance, can count on the coöperation of the German people. In France, too, a Cabinet made up as it is of various Parties is strong enough to obtain the

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same support of public opinion. Let us hope that what we have already accomplished augurs well for our future success.'

II. GERMANY IS TO BLAME

THE singular misfortune that recently overtook Monsieur Stresemann should annoy that naturally expansive gentleman. It appears that the German Foreign Minister is a jovial good fellow. He is what theatrical people call 'a rounder.' He has a smile — a bespectacled smile, a German smile, but

DR. STRESEMANN
(*L'Ère Nouvelle*)

it is a smile just the same. We are assured that his table manners are beyond reproach, and he gives every sign of having an excellent appetite, which, however, does not prevent him, under the tender influence of dessert, from striking the sentimental note in a most agreeable fashion. Finally, it seems to me that Mr. Stresemann has two sides — one representing the cabbage, and the other a little blue flower. But what would you have when a man has been so flattered by the applause that he received at the League of Nations? It aroused in him an irresistible desire to express himself. So M. Stresemann conceived the idea of holding a reception. But one must not hold receptions too hastily, even in Switzerland. During the evening in which he played host to the German colony we know that he abandoned himself to a *kolossal* orgy of sincerity in the course of a famous speech. In short, he did not hesitate to proclaim that Germany's lack of responsibility for the war had been established by the gentlemen at Geneva. Was it really appropriate to surround with such an aura of cordiality a nation guilty of the greatest crime of *lèse-humanité* that has been committed in the course of centuries?

Ah no, M. Stresemann, you were mistaken. You were greeted with eagerness, but not with affection; you were received as an augury of a peaceful future, and not as a means of effacing a bloody past. Perhaps people did not tell you the whole truth at Geneva. People tell the whole truth only when they have gone home and assemblies are at an end. But we can warn you that your laborious demonstration of German innocence will remain utterly vain. What is more, if ever the complete guilt of Germany appeared clearly, it was in your recent oratorical effusion. Your constant, imperious preoccupation of freeing your country from this formidable accusation, which is so abundantly justified, seems very much like a confession of it. If you were not as certain as we are of the rôle Germany played in 1914, would you keep coming back without any provocation to the question of responsibility that so obsesses you? Would you return to it as a criminal always comes back to the place of his crime in order to find out if he is suspected? That is why you

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were not able to prevent yourself from saying something like this the other evening: 'It is no longer a question of war. That is over. Everyone recognizes that we are not here for nothing. The world is a nice place, and has agreed that we will talk no more about it.'

Well, M. Stresemann, people will talk about it, and talk about it always, in peasant cottages as well as in chancelleries, and a thousand years hence, just as to-day, standing apart from all commentaries, escaping all interpretations, this fact will continue to impose itself on the whole world: Germany, with Hungary's assistance, deliberately wished for, prepared, and unloosed the war. Chateaubriand said: 'Greek history is a poem, Latin history a tableau, and modern history a chronicle.' But poem, tableau, or chronicle, truth is always a matter of first importance. Frontiers can be changed, debts wiped out, hostilities terminated, accords reached, but it makes no difference. What has been, has been. We make the future, we do not remake the past. History is not written on scraps of paper. Clio, its muse, is the daughter of Mnemosyne, who is the goddess of Memory. In ancient times she held a trumpet in one hand and a roll of parchment in the other. They are not unimportant accessories, and no one has ever thought of taking them away from her. You may be sure of one thing: Cleopatra, who set two worlds by the ears, would have been very anxious for no one ever to speak of her nose, but the fifteen medals that we possess reproducing her face show that this nose was too long. There is no help for it — Cleopatra's nose is immortal.

We are not unaware, M. Stresemann, that since 1918 you have begged your Herr Doktors to arrange events according to your taste, so that the face of Germany may be seen in a more tender light. You asked them to make an *Ersatz* of truth cut to your measure that would deceive and lead astray everyone's opinion. This was in vain. These poor structures have collapsed, and the truth of Germany's responsibility remains blindingly true.

Why, then, have you brought up in your latest effusions this question on which the delegates of the League of Nations have maintained a polite silence? Thousands of good, excellent Frenchmen, and even many who have actually fought against you, want an entente — if not an entente cordiale, at least a reasonable entente — with Germany. They understand that only a period of good relations between the two countries can be the foundation of real and lasting peace. But is n't it natural that they should revolt and become indignant when, at the moment they see you taking your place in the League of Nations, they also hear you declare that you were in no way to blame for the cataclysm for whom someone must be found guilty? How much more helpful to this reconciliation it would have been if you had openly and sincerely proclaimed your responsibility! But one must learn the art of reconciliation. It is an art that everyone does not possess.

The trouble, you see, M. Stresemann, is that when you speak of fraternity and humanity your words ring with the sound of iron and brass. If you want to pursue successfully the great work of peace on which you embarked the other day, and which you have shamefully spoiled by your harangue, don't try at this time to extenuate Germany's premeditated crime in starting the war. Unless the experts at Geneva can invent a kind of historical sponge that will wipe out the past, this past will remain immutable, though intangible. We may neglect it in scenes of inter-

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national embracing, but we cannot forget it. That, M. Stresemann, is what exasperates you, but what you can do nothing about. Remember the little child in *La Légende des Siècles*, who is angry because the evening breeze blows out on to the water the petals of the rose that he is holding in his hand. To calm his pain his nurse is obliged to say, 'The world belongs to the princes, but not the wind.' Well, M. Stresemann, the past no more belongs to the Germans than the wind does to the princes. Take care in lifting the veil on it that your olive branch is not blown out on to the waters of the blue lake of Geneva. It is a fragile olive branch. One must handle it with delicate fingers and not brandish it like a bayonet. The dove requires different care from the eagle. We are perhaps not used to the same kinds of birds. Our race has chosen the cock and the lark as its symbols. Yours has preferred the crow. When they are put into the same cage, let us do our best to tame them.

And above all, M. Stresemann, stop your parrakeets from repeating: 'We did not cause the war, we did not cause the war.' Who knows? We may strangle them one of these days.

THE RUSSIAN COMMUNIST PARTY TO-DAY [1]

BY J. OSSOVSKII

[THE title of the original article was 'The Party on the Eve of the Fourteenth Congress.' The magazine in which it appeared remarked that 'before publication the article circulated in manuscript form among Party members,' as it was illegal. Even though ultimately published, it caused such an uproar that the author was soon excommunicated from the Party. Many passages have been summarized, for the obscure redundancy or 'Æsop language' of the Communists, long trained under severe censorship, would not even be readable.]

THE Fourteenth Congress faces the same question that previous Congresses have confronted — that of the absolute integrity of our Party, which is the only official one in a country devoid of economic uniformity. It would have been easy to remain undivided if other parties were allowed by law. We should then have grouped about ourselves certain elements, and have left the others the adherents of different economic theories. Even then we might have remained the only governing body, but not the only party in the land. Nobody denies that economic conditions in our country vary widely, and that there are certain fields where capitalist enterprise operates. As matters now stand, our Party, the one and only legal party in the country, has undertaken to defend all the country's interests, including those of capitalist enterprises.

Thus, if we want to remain the governing party we must sacrifice some integrity. Up to 1923 the official

[1] From *Bolshevik* (Moscow official organ), *July* 30

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standpoint was that the Party could, and must, be absolutely uniform and unanimous, remaining at the same time the only party in the country, regardless of the fact that such unity does not exist. The Opposition, however, pointed out certain dangerous deviations from this uniformity, and, after Trotskii's open opposition in 1923, a third point of view appeared — though you need good eyes to see it. This belief, though not new, was that a proletarian and peasant revolution would be feasible even if our Party were not to be the only one.

Each of these three divergent views has worked into the Party's everyday life.

Free exchange of opinion is not permitted either in Party organizations or in the Party press, though divergent views are held. In places where no such clash exists the Party unit is at its lowest possible political development. Where any two members of the Party are really interested they want to thrash out their differences. This they must invariably do in strict privacy, over a bottle of beer at home — never at a Party unit meeting where politically uneducated masses might greatly profit from orderly discussions. Even the most private debate is never ventured into save by the highest officials, of whom the Party at large knows nothing. Not until a few weeks before the Party Congress do the rank and file Communists receive, like snow on their heads, a mass of so-called discussion leaflets containing the essence of what their chiefs have been thinking and talking over for a twelvemonth. The man in the street is expected to digest this in two or three days, and decide with whom he agrees. In his bewilderment he invariably and safely votes for the existing machine — that is, for the local executives.

If the Party mass had been voting with any intelligence, all Petrograd could not have supported Zinoviev as it did in the last controversy, when Zinoviev went back to his old positions of 1917. On the other hand, Moscow could not have been so unanimously contemptuous of his platform, with its very sober ideas concerning the building up of Socialism in our thoroughly peasant country. Why, indeed, did it happen that Party people in Moscow turned out to be so different from those in Petrograd? The answer is obvious. The masses in both cities were ignorant of the essence of the controversy. The voting was all done by the Party machine. [*Apparat* (machine), in the Bolshevist press, is the officially accepted designation for the Communist Party bureaucracy or officialdom. — EDITOR] . . .

Which road will the Party follow? . . . It goes without saying that the Government must not suffer from this tense situation. At the same time, we should not nourish the illusion that Communist thought can keep step with the slow progress of a government machine severely infected by bureaucracy — even though it is a Soviet government. The Party should create conditions that will permit the maximum development of critical thought without endangering the machinery of government.

The rank and file of the Party and of the proletariat see that the Soviet State is pressed on all sides by reviving capitalism, and they cannot feel satisfied at having their opinions given a casual hearing by their own vanguard chiefs about once a year on formal occasions. Life is beginning to take on so many different aspects that every day raises new questions which must be thoroughly settled. 'Discussion leaflets' are a dead formality; they do not serve the purpose. The chiefs are

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aware that activities in the enemy camp are increasingly expanding the boundaries officially allotted them, yet they refuse to recognize the right of every Party member to criticize. . . . The Tenth Party Congress had adopted a resolution in favor of democracy within the Party. But there is an exception to every rule, and in this case the exception became the rule. The same Congress passed another resolution confirming the unity of the Party, in which the leaders annihilated, for all practical purposes, the original resolution about democracy.

Thus Party people began to lend an eager ear to the happenings in enemy camps and at the same time grew more indifferent to problems that worried the Party's leaders. It was then that our leaders announced that a great lassitude had invaded us. Few persons then understood the meaning of this threatening symptom, which was caused by the leaders' attempt to prove by compulsion an unprovable thing — namely, that a state run by workers and peasants is necessarily a state composed of workers and peasants.

The latest period has been characterized by important economic improvements among the new bourgeoisie of the city and countryside, and among officials, especially those with technical education. The progress in the welfare of the masses lags behind, although industry is steadily developing. Naturally, large working masses receive the impression that this economic improvement from which they get so little is not the result of their leaders' efforts, but is the work of hidden forces alien and inimical to the common laborer. It looks to them as though more and more depended on the initiative of private capitalists who do not lend themselves to building up Socialism. . . . The people's silent discontent has no legitimate outlet, and inevitably weakens the organic unity of that solid block at the very base of the Soviet structure.

The new bourgeoisie has gathered wealth by exploiting labor in city and country, and it now wants to use this wealth to influence the Soviet Government; it wishes to be granted the right to invest its money directly in industrial undertakings, without any State mediation. In other words, instead of putting money into Soviet establishments, this bourgeoisie declines to invest unless these establishments are denationalized. The money is their own, and they want the industry to become their own also. They want to influence Soviet economics from their private capitalist's standpoint. They refuse to let any of the specially appointed Government organs act as their agents: they want to negotiate with individual enterprises. This means that at the first convenient opportunity they will offer their services in the management of affairs of State.

The more money this bourgeoisie accumulates, the more likely it is that these plans will be realized. Those who pooh-pooh this danger — and there are many such among us — forget that the comparatively rapid regeneration of industry under Soviet management has been possible only because we were able to use up what had been accumulated for us by the pre-Revolutionary bourgeoisie.

When the Left of the Party and the proletariat, alarmed by danger from the Right, are told by the leaders to 'fire to left,' this means cultivating political blindness, to say the least. . . . Besides, there are enough supporters of this danger within the Party itself. This is an inevitable evil. But when the whole proletariat and the whole Party are ordered to praise this policy, the game becomes dangerous.

To be sure, democracy within the

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Party might also be used by the petty bourgeoisie to introduce its influence into working masses and Party ranks. But we must remember that we are still very far from that level of material welfare among the masses which would tend to weaken their revolutionary spirit. There is no danger that the petty bourgeoisie will help the workers to put their revolutionary conscience to sleep. On the other hand, the workers are being whispered to from every side that their Party does not take care of them as it should.

For all these reasons, the Party's future can be solved only by the practical, unequivocal introduction of majority rule.

A JOURNEY IN ABYSSINIA. VII[1]

BY JEAN D'ESME

AFTER a visit of several days with Ras Hailou, the Viceroy of Gojam, we started out for Debra Libanos, and after a picturesque trip arrived in this holy city of Ethiopia. Our camp was pitched under a cluster of eucalyptus trees, near a cliff which overlooked the town. Escorted by a band of little boys and preceded by a group of priests, we wandered among narrow paths bordered with trees, and down numerous blind alleys. An old monk, who we were told was quite mad, acted in the capacity of cicerone.

It was indeed a strange town, quite unlike all those Abyssinian settlements that we had just passed through. Everything was different here — the people, the customs, and even the atmosphere. An antique town, consecrated only to religious life, Debra Libanos is the central point of a vast empire, which the outside world seldom penetrates.

We made the acquaintance of the head priest at High Mass, to which we were invited, thanks to the recommendations of our old monk. Behind an octagonal enclosure of gray stone, broken here and there by pointed arches, looms the white church, a wooden door in each of its eight walls, and a dome with a big Orthodox cross, crooked and flamboyant, on top. It is built on an elevated piece of ground in the middle of the court, and several approaches lead to it. At the door we took off our hats and shoes. Our guide ushered us in and we entered the first of the three sections of the church.

The shade here was refreshing and gentle. Looking about us, we saw that a young priest had joined our guide and was asking us to scrutinize this first section — a kind of big, circular room whose corners were hung with white tapestries embroidered with red crosses or smeared with ochre-colored mud. Straw carpets deadened our footsteps, while farther away the chanting of psalms broke the silence. Going through another arched doorway in one of the eight sides of this section, we found ourselves in the second part of the church. Here we were enveloped in a heavier gloom, more weighed down

[1] From *L'Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily), *September* 27, 29

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with incense. On the ground lay sumptuous carpets, and in a corner was a magnificent drum decorated with plaques of heavy silver on which intricate designs were engraved. This instrument is used in great processions, when it sets the rhythm for psalms and hymns. A square tower rose up before us, streaked at the bottom with bright-colored pictures of primitive figures. These were painted on a piece of cloth tightly fastened to the wall, and each design was separated from its neighbor by a simple dark border.

All the colors in the world, especially the most violent and striking ones, are to be found here, and the whole religious and political history of Ethiopia as well.

Here, for instance, are depicted the lives of the Saints, whose yellow, blue, and red faces, with their huge, impressive eyes, queer square beards, and curious straight eyelids, give the most extraordinary impression of defying all physical laws. There are also pictorial stories of martyrs, of the Devil, and of Hell, sketched out in frightful colors, with a mass of twisted limbs and tangled bodies, of unnatural gestures and tortured faces. There are blood and panting flesh, horror, and a disarming kind of candor. Another part of this enormous fresco depicts God and His angels. They are either naïvely august and solemn, or childishly seraphic. Finally, all around the bottom of the room are big rectangular tables showing the benefactors of the church, the Ras Kassa, the Empress Laoditu, Prince Taffari-Makonnen, and Princess Manen, his wife.

A priest clothed in yellow, with a turban on his head, takes his place a few steps away from us. In front of him is a high pulpit with the big Holy Book on it, from which he reads a verse in a chanting voice, while the mysterious, sombre depths of the sanctuary respond in a chorus. Far up in the dome a bell is ringing.

For two long hours the service continues, with a series of curious rites interspersed with singing, reading, genuflections, and waving of incense. The atmosphere is heavy with the blue smoke, while from time to time monotonous and pious mumblings break the silence.

Big, elaborate crosses pass and repass before us. At the farther end of the sanctuary, hidden from our eyes by a great veil, lights are dancing, around which busy priests read passages from a Holy Book placed on a high stand. The young abbé, clothed in yellow, stands before them correcting and stopping them when they make a mistake. They heed his advice and take up their reading more beautifully than ever.

At the close of the ceremony the abbé says he will come to see us at four o'clock. Hardly have we regained our camp than he arrives in company with another priest. We sit down at the table to eat. He has put on a hat in place of his big turban, and his long face, with its regular features, looks younger than ever. You would say he was about twenty years old, but he is really thirty. Four years ago he was only a simple priest, but since then he has climbed every rung of the ecclesiastical ladder, and is now the head of the Debra Libanos Church. He speaks slowly in an even, gentle voice, and smiles at times as he calmly waves his fan to keep away the flies. He tells us the history of Debra Libanos, and drinks a glass of tea with rum in it — something he has never tasted before. He says that the town was founded by Tula-Haimanot, the saint. This man lived a life of meditation and prayer, and at the moment of his death had a vision. God appeared to him and promised that everyone who died or was buried in this place should go

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straight to Heaven. 'That is why you have seen the tombs of so many great men here. Up above in a fissure of the cliff are the bones of some of our warriors, which were transported here in order that these heroes might be assured of Paradise in the next life.'

He spoke slowly, with pauses, during which he reflected and weighed his words. 'Many of our priests are, I regret to say, badly educated.' He looked sideways at me with a quick, anxious glance. 'You have noticed it. The illiterate way they read the Holy Book often embarrasses them. But we are coming along — Prince Taffari supports us.'

He lifted his hand, holding in it a silver cross of intricate workmanship. 'Our priests believe. They have the faith. Instruction will come later — though already is it making great progress.'

He got up, his face pensive and calm, and smiled at us. Before leaving he stretched out his hand and, with a sweeping gesture toward the whole countryside that lay stretched out before us, exclaimed: 'Behold the Church and its priests. There in a nook in the cliff are the corpses of our soldiers and the sacred baths — the miraculous water in which Menelik comes to wash himself every year. Down at the base of this hollow is the monastery. Two or three thousand souls follow the life prescribed by our Savior, and all are consecrated to His service. Debra Libanos is the country of God, our Jerusalem and our Mekka. You will see no one here but the servants of God, because they alone have the right to make their homes here and live under His eye and in the hollow of His hand.'

This is quite true. But this city is something more than a place of faith and prayer. In this grotto mummified corpses sleep in coffins of rough wood, and in this sacred bath a father holds his sick son, twisted with convulsions, in the holy water. Crowds of butchers, beggars, cooks, meditative monks, and pious creatures, prostrate on the ground, fill the space between this grotto and the monastery. Students for orders read holy books from morning until night, among blue eucalypti and along narrow streets. Through all this city, from one end to the other, what strikes us most is the invisible presence of this God whom everyone serves and calls upon, to whom everyone stretches out imploring hands, and in whom they all put their trust.

For centuries the Empire of Ethiopia has fought for grandeur and for self-development, but here in the shade and silence its quiet, strong soul retires in prayer, remote from influences of the everyday world.

Here we are at Debra Markos, the capital of Gojam and the regular residence of the Ras Hailou. On the summit of a dusty hill bristling with eucalyptus trees and dotted with patches of grass and with houses rises the palace of the Ras, a thick stone wall around its mass of battlements, courts, stables, and outhouses. Debra Markos! It is really hardly more than a village, and a very small village at that.

About this settlement lies the province of Gojam, bounded by the blue waters of the Nile and by the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. This is the richest and most important of all the provinces in the Ethiopian Empire. In the centre of this town is the home of the Ras Hailou, who lives in his fortified castle like an eagle in its nest. The Ras Hailou! You have to hear his name pronounced down here in Ethiopia, from one corner of the Empire to the other, to understand his importance and the rôle that he plays in his country. The highest feudal lord in

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the Empire, the richest and bravest of all the great nobles who group themselves about the central Government, this man is a force and a unique character. He lives in the humble and primitive setting of Debra Markos, but in his palace he has surrounded himself with everything pertaining to European civilization — radios, phonographs, machine guns, and moving pictures. This settlement, with its thatched-roofed mud houses, clusters around the castle, and is simply a very typical native village. There is no electricity here, not even any streets, but as you wander along the palisades you suddenly find yourself in front of a building in the process of construction, and Ras Hailou says to you in a quiet, confident tone: 'This is the hotel that will be open in a year.'

At some distance away men are ploughing up a big field, and he says: 'The race course. In two years it will be ready.'

At still another point another structure is slowing rising — the telegraph, telephone, and post office, we are told. In Hailou's peaceful manner there is no display and no pride. You simply feel his will at work. He desires that agglomeration of houses to be a modern city, a big city, some day. There is no ministry, no treasury, no department of public works here, simply a man and his personal fortune — the Ras Hailou and his innumerable Maria Theresa coins.

His will knows no resistance, no opposition. Its only limit is his wealth, and according to everyone this is enormous. He is the richest of all these Ethiopian lords, richer than the Empress or the Prince Taffari-Makonnen himself. This immense province, with its fertile soil and mineral wealth, is inhabited by the most industrious and capable people in the Ethiopian Empire.

Ras Hailou is the son of a former king of Gojam, once the unsuccessful adversary, and later the faithful ally, of Menelik. For several years the Ras was the father-in-law of Lij Yassou, that impulsive, hot-headed, youthful emperor who was overthrown in the revolution of 1917, to give place to the real Empress and Prince Taffari-Makonnen.

In touch with the New World, and trusted by the Regent of the Empire, the Ras Hailou contrasts strongly with the new Prince. If it is easy to discover a striking resemblance between our own Henry IV and Taffari-Makonnen, it is incontestable that the Ras Hailou is an even more exact image of our Francis I. He has the same high stature, broad shoulders, rough and strong features. He has the same large forehead, curving nose, slightly thick lips, and assertive chin, whose prominence is further emphasized by a pointed beard. He also has a taste for luxury and display. He feels the need of ostentation and show, of happy good-fellowship and omnipotence.

Stunned by the sumptuousness of sixteenth-century Italy, Francis I introduced refinements to his French Court. Marveling at the wonders of European civilization, the Ras Hailou on his return from France also wished to do his utmost to introduce the latest innovations of Europe's creative genius into far-away Gojam, isolated by the River Nile. He signifies a wish, and his enormous wealth is able to command an inexhaustible supply of subjects, who, at a simple gesture or a single word, rise up and work for him ten or twenty thousand strong. He has had a hotel built on the most modern lines at Addis Ababa, equipped with electricity and a moving-picture house. He owns twenty automobiles, all of French manufacture, for which he has built a stone garage that is solid, elegant, and enormous, just like what

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you would see in Europe. Eleven days' march from Addis Ababa, in Debra Markos, at the centre of the province of Gojam, accessible only by slow mule caravans, there are two automobiles. These arrived bit by bit on the backs of mules and camels, with a mechanic accompanying them. They were reassembled by degrees, and in fifteen days were able to make the twelve-kilometre journey from the palace at Debra Markos to a villa consisting of walls, a roof, five or six chairs, a few tables, and some carpets, on the top of a hill in the shade of a small group of eucalyptus trees.

All this, like the man himself, is strange, chaotic, and surprising.

This Ras Hailou came out of the forest one day with all his subjects behind him, like a mediæval potentate. He was carrying wood to build his house. To-day, mounted on a mule, clothed in white linen, with a black cape over his shoulders and a felt hat on his head, he carries over his shoulder a long branch that he has cut with his own hands in the forest. Behind him eight or ten thousand men, who were given their orders the night before, are marching. Each of them also carries a branch on his shoulder. As they pass the Ras each one dismounts from his mule and throws his stick on the ground. An enormous pile of wood gradually rises. To-morrow three, four, or five thousand more subjects will carry the necessary mud, and in eight days a house, the child of the master's caprice, will be finished.

IN THE ALPS

BY H. S. REID

[*Outlook*]

Between two folds of rock the valley lay,
Two billows of an overwhelming sea
That seemed to curl and topple, yet to be
Fixed by enchantment till the judgment day;
For they were frozen, and their frozen spray
Strewn on the silent fields. In front of me
The empty road ran on. Soon after three
One mountain turned to pink and one was gray.
And still there was no cold that I could feel;
The snow there is not cold. And then I had
A nightmare of confectionery run mad:
I knew the peaks were dyed with cochineal.
Oh, what a Hell is here, that one should wake
A mite, upon a monstrous wedding cake.

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THE CONTINENTAL STEEL CARTEL[1]

BY JULIUS KALISKI

[THIS article was written before the present Steel Cartel was formed.]

It is a long-established principle of British politics to compromise with the inevitable. This theory has been applied to the Continental steel trust formed by a group of delegates from Germany, France, Belgium, and Luxembourg. To everyone's surprise, the meeting was suddenly adjourned following a declaration by one of the Belgian delegates. It convened again on the seventeenth of September, but at that date Belgium's contribution was still an unknown quantity. From information and opinions that have leaked out about the meeting, it is agreed that a settlement was reached only by a hair's breadth. It soon developed, too, that the vital decision about the crude steel pact, including wire, pipe, and rail manufacturers, had to be sealed first. The great German industrialist, Arnold Rechberg, wrote in *L'Avenir* of Paris about the causes of the Belgians' delay. The same article appeared in *Vossische Zeitung*, and doubtless speaks the truth. His main argument runs as follows: —

'The steel trust between French, German, Belgian, and Luxembourg industries is not yet formed. Rumor has it that the Belgian politicians were prepared to agree in spite of difficulties, but that they were kept from doing so by England, who threatened a withdrawal of Anglo-Saxon credit if Belgium allied herself with the Franco-German trust. It is certainly true that the English have never wished France to become an independent Great Power as a result of her victory in the war. On the contrary, they want to bleed France of her last centime and to have her bound and shackled forever to Anglo-Saxon capital, so that the French may be to the Anglo-Saxons what slaves were to their masters in the Middle Ages. To attain this purpose the English have desired to create as much financial confusion in France as possible by not checking the fall of the franc. The English also want to put difficulties in the way of any agreement, and it is quite apparent that they have used the Belgian industries for this purpose, blinding them to the facts and intimidating them. The Belgians must have courage. In the German potash industry we have already discovered how much these English efforts amount to. Before our present agreement with the French potash industry was closed, the English threatened us too with a withdrawal of credit as soon as we should enter into a potash agreement with the French. After this agreement had become an acknowledged fact the English changed their tone entirely. At last year's London conference of Germans engaged in this business English high finance offered to provide a loan of seventy million pounds sterling in less than a quarter of an hour, although we had asked for only five million. But even in the unlikely circumstance of England's doing

[1] From *Sozialistische Monatshefte* (Conservative-Socialist monthly), *September*

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her best to prevent Belgium's joining the steel trust, I cannot see that she has any valuable cards up her sleeve. As soon as the agreement between French ore and German coal interests is signed, the Belgian steel interests can do nothing better than seek admittance to this mighty group.'

The forces which brought about the alliance between German coal and French ore proved in the long run stronger than English opposition, which had been setting many forces to work in the course of the last few years, not the least of which was German politics. England's failure to hinder the establishment of a Continental steel trust soon became apparent to the Germans, and was later confirmed by the Belgian minister Vandervelde on the sixth of September at Geneva before a group of journalists. He announced that negotiations for a steel trust would be resumed in Brussels, without the sympathy of England, and that a positive conclusion of these negotiations could soon be expected.

This agreement provides for an elastic production programme according to which all parties concerned give the statistics of their production for the first six months of 1926, and continue to furnish them at quarterly intervals thereafter. Each member pays into a common sinking fund one dollar for each ton he produces. On every ton above their quota four dollars must be paid, two of which are held as a compensation for those below par. The entrance of Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Austria into this agreement is considered assured, although the business that is now being done with these countries is only in crude steel. Luxembourg and Lorraine exports to Germany have hitherto been regulated from Paris. The amount allotted for export was six and one-quarter per cent of the German production per year, of which Lorraine provided three and one-half per cent and Luxembourg two and three-quarters per cent. Nothing was drawn from the Saar basin.

In the earlier stages of the conference a steel agreement was sought which would cover deliveries of French ore into Germany and of German coal from the Ruhr into France. These deliveries were to be made by German and French industrial groups. The break in the steel pact negotiations did not, however, turn out to be as disturbing an element as was expected. As soon as the pact was announced it was clear that it contained in itself germs for wider application. No one realized this better than England, who took it upon herself to turn to diplomatic advantage every step in the process. On the seventh of July, 1925, it was announced in the Lower House that the negotiations between the French and the German steel magnates must be carefully observed by English representatives in Germany. Nothing could happen between France and Germany without England's knowledge. Rechberg announced in the *Vossische Zeitung* of the eleventh of September, 1926, that he had received a proposal in 1919 from English representatives then in Berlin that England should take part in an agreement with France and Germany, but that the Lloyd George Government had turned it down on the ground that England could never consent to a Franco-German agreement made on the basis of common industrial interests, even if she were included as a third party. Keeping a wedge between France and Germany has been for the last hundred years the keystone on which England's hegemony of Europe has been built. England's participation in the Franco-German industrial alliance would not compensate for the formation of this alliance in the first place.

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British statesmen have never undervalued the importance of Franco-German coöperation. They aim to hinder this coöperation with the help of German politics which can in all respects be directed from London. France supports neither the British suggestion nor the German refusal of their proposal to work together. On the first day of the Armistice Clemenceau expounded to a group of French journalists the rights of France. He proposed to use German rolling stock as a means of ensuring Germany's food supply. We did not appreciate the significance of this. Erzberger refused to meet Clemenceau, on the ground that Germany's food supply could not come out of France, and that therefore these railway cars Clemenceau had been talking about would do us no good. This was simply the beginning of a policy unfavorable to Franco-German industrial coöperation, and as a result of it many difficult years followed. The *Sozialistische Monatshefte* brought the opposite view forward even during the war, when certain circles urged that the occupied provinces of Briey and Longwy be organized. Apropos of this extension of German political influence, we wrote here on the tenth of October, 1917, as follows: —

'Will Germany maintain and widen its place in world politics and business, if it must abandon the idea of coöperation with the rest of Europe, and instead set up oppositions between various European States whose interests are actually common and should be fairly balanced? By attaining further independence from Anglo-Saxon power Germany will be able to secure all the ore and transportation facilities that she needs. That is the greater task. It is also to Germany's interest to assist in the industrial development of France. On account of the French demand for more coal, the German importation of ore will correspondingly increase, but it must also be arranged for Germany to assist in France's industrial development, because the economic interests of Continental countries clash with Anglo-Saxon imperialism and industrial supremacy. The policy of a nation of sixty million people must not be directed with an eye to the present alone. If France and England could establish an entente cordiale only a few years after the incident at Fashoda, it would be short-sighted to doubt the possibility of German and French coöperation being some day realized.'

Looking back, it can now be said that the agreement was more necessary for Germany and Europe in the days of the war than in the years immediately following Germany's collapse. Under the tutelage of a Left Party inspired by England, anti-French opinion in Germany became stronger and helped to make reconciliation and reconstruction in Germany and France increasingly difficult. When Clemenceau received a group of German representatives in France to discuss the reconstruction of the devastated regions, his attitude was hostile, and animated by an insolence that we can hardly conceive of even to-day. But from year to year one tended to forget that the outcome of the World War was quite different from the outcome of earlier wars. Germany's international position bore witness to the fact that her business and political prestige had not suffered the least eclipse as a result of the war. Successive German Governments, however, refused to pursue a pro-German policy, but were the pawns of the English. Thus Germany, against her will, became a stumblingblock in the reconstruction of a new Europe. We simply refused to see that the reconstruction of France was essential to a policy of

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Franco-German industrial productiveness, that not only was the building-up of the devastated provinces imposed on us by the war, but it was also our duty to further that feeling of common interest on which the recovery of both France and Germany depended. France carefully refrained from demanding tribute such as she herself had to pay after 1870, but asked only for the repair of damages wrought by the war. The inclusion of a provision for pension funds was put into the treaty, not by France, but at the instigation of England and America. France always turns down German reconstruction proposals, without considering what we are actually capable of. For our part, we only maintain that we will fulfill the treaty to the limits of our ability, but not beyond them.

Hugo Stinnes made an agreement in September 1922 with the President of the General Confederation for the Reconstruction of the Devastated Regions, Guy Jean, Marquis de Lubersac, concerning the reconstruction in Northern France after the Wiesbaden agreement had been abandoned as inadequate. England opposed Germany's interests here, and the matter was pigeonholed before it had taken shape. The later arrangement would have been much more likely to go through had Stinnes, in spite of hostile propaganda, made his real strength public, but unfortunately he gave way because he lacked patriotic support in the Radical press, which had become the advocate of a policy of fulfilling the Versailles Treaty. It is not without interest to review again what we said here about the immediate consequences of the Stinnes-Lubersac agreement: —

'A statement is continually being repeated that poisons, not only Germany, but the whole of Europe, every day. This is to the effect that fulfillment of our obligations to France is impossible because it is beyond our strength. An agreement that would fulfill the demands is also out of the question, because France does not wish it and refuses all proposals to that end. This, as a matter of fact, is against France's best interests, and French politicians and business representatives agree that some kind of arrangement is necessary. Nevertheless, they continue to make imputations against us. It is clear that this whole business is directly or indirectly the work of the English. As might be expected, criticism has confined itself to the conditions under which the Wiesbaden agreement was completed, and no decision or systematic analysis unfavorable to the agreement itself has yet been put forth. In spite of four years of argument against any attempt at settlement, the agreement is water-tight.'

Then as now.

No less worthy of remembrance is the fact that a few weeks after the publication of the Stinnes-Lubersac agreement Hergt, the leader of the German National Party, uttered these words on the necessity of some understanding with France, at a Party convention: 'We must agree to some kind of business arrangement with France if we would keep pace with England and America. The day has arrived. We are wrong in fearing the menace of France, for it has already been dispelled, though that nation, a past master at the art of bluffing, has been playing it up. One imperative condition of this agreement would be the release of every inch of German ground from foreign occupation. France is justified in demanding pledges, and we too shall ask for some. But the pledges shall not be forests, lands, and mines. Here are better pledges: free development of German industry, the opportunity for German coöperation, and political

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guaranties to back up this policy of production.'

But the German Nationalists soon gave up this position out of fear of what patriotic opinion would say of an understanding with France. The Parties of the Left won a victory in the refusal of an economic agreement that would cover reconstruction and other lines of work, though in winning this victory they took no wind out of the sails of their political opponents. Then came the crisis of the Ruhr. The French Government continued in its outspoken intention of wrecking plans for a Franco-German mine agreement. Let me repeat again what was written in these pages just at the outbreak of the conflict in the Ruhr: —

'It is announced that the plan of a great Franco-German mine agreement went to smash because the German industries wanted sixty per cent for themselves and the French would allow them only forty per cent. It is also alleged that in making these demands the Germans were incited by the English. That England was then interested in preventing an alliance of French ore with German coal is highly probable. London did not mind the harm that a Franco-German mining agreement might inflict on the coal and iron industry in Belgium, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. Yet the economic triumph of a Continental group of this kind over England filled our own Anglophiles with fear and terror. Therefore they believed that they ought to endeavor to prevent its consummation, on the ground that economic coöperation between Germany and France ran counter to their ideal of bringing Germany into the sphere of Anglo-Saxon influence. The exchange of Lorraine ore for Westphalian coal, which is a question of life and death for Germany and all Europe, is ignored. This combination was urged by the *Sozialistische Monatshefte* even before the unhappy outcome of the war. The time will come when Germany must sink into even deeper poverty than she suffered during the war. The secondary motives of French industry in occupying the Ruhr in the hope of bringing together Lorraine ore and Westphalian coal were not so base as those of the big German industrial interests which secretly negotiated with the French, working supposedly for the benefit of Germany in doing so.'

Meanwhile judicious people espoused the doctrine of nonfulfillment of the treaty, and have followed it ever since. This policy has demanded more sacrifice of the German people than a comprehensive fulfillment of the treaty would have done. As a result our strength is spent. But the end of the Ruhr occupation at last provided the ground on which a new Germany might possibly be built. On this same ground a new Europe can also stand. The steel agreement, much more than Locarno and Geneva, ushers in a new era, because the economic strength of the nation is involved. With its assistance we can do far greater things, and the experiment of economic coöperation between Germany and France will do away with the causes that lie behind such a conflict as took place in the last war. The way to prestige, said Briand to the German delegates at Geneva, is the way of blood and defeat. To this it must be added that Franco-German coöperation through a steel agreement is the way to the salvation of both countries. It ensures those European common efforts which open a new future to us, if only we have the will to realize it.

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CORRUPTION IN MOROCCO[1]

BY SAINT-PREUX

'WELL, what do you think of Casa?'

Nine o'clock, Place de France. All of Casablanca is there, in four or five cafés whose terraces face the wall of the native city. It is the hour for apéritifs. 'Civilizing' liqueurs sparkle in containers of glass and metal, and the ice flashes through the Picons, the Amourettes, and the Anis.

This time of day is supportable, or at least you imagine it is; a moist, light breeze from the ocean occasionally gives you the illusion of a little less heat. Behind our lemonades, my old Casablancan friend asked me this brutal question.

I was at a loss for a reply, for Casablanca really made no impression at all. Fifteen kilometres before arriving I saw from the plain the two great factory chimneys of the electric station, and behind them in the port the masts of four or five ships. While the automobile ate up the last few kilometres, Casa stretched out, dusty and irregular. Scaffoldings and irregular pieces of land, with a new house going up here and there. At the Place de France a row of fashionable restaurants, banks, and hotels. This is the heart of the town, the only quarter that is finished. One gets the impression of a half-built city.

'Most of the construction is in the future,' interposed my friend. 'In ten years, perhaps, Casa will be a big city, but at the moment it is a town one passes through.'

'One passes through?'

'Yes. You will find few inhabitants, like myself, who have never left the town for ten or twelve years. People came here to make their fortunes and speculate on Lyautey's property. The first eliminated were those who thought they would succeed in two or three years but found the going too hard. They had nothing remaining in their pockets when they left. Others came. In 1914 the war hit us. This brought an immense amount of traffic, but of all those who passed through how many remain? The Riffi were next. That was a bad time. Nothing went. There were failures. Building operations were halted. People drew in their horns and went away.'

'And now?'

'Now we are recovering. Business is improving. Look at that café beside us. Every minute the course of the foreign exchange is posted up there. It is a regular bank. Our chief occupation now is speculation — pounds, dollars, pesetas, and francs dance at a terrific rate and leap from one pocket to another.'

'But is n't there a law about it?'

'A naïve idea! Surely there 's a law; but do you think the business men here care about it? There 's tremendous activity — a torrent of money flows through this half-built town every day.'

'Is it a town of pleasure?'

'A town of debauch. Casablanca is just as debauched as Paris, and as well guarded. There are, in the first place,

[1] From *L'Humanité* (Paris official Communist daily), *September* 12, 15, 17, 19

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foreign tourists. No use doing anything with them. Then there are officers from the interior. After three or four months of action and economy, they arrive in Casablanca, and for a week or two make a terrific splurge. Officers are better off here than at Rabat, because they are not so carefully watched by their superiors. There are also merchants of every stripe, barkeeps, and people who make a business of giving natives stones for bread, or selling synthetic wine made out of bad alcohol. These people come back here every month to replenish their supplies and to spend the money they have so easily made. These three types of person flourish in Casablanca; the bourgeoisie who live here profit from the tourists, the officers, and the merchants.'

I look around me at the riffraff of the world: officers on leave, big-chested merchants shouting in loud voices and leaning back in straw chairs, affected women — the wives of local bigwigs — looking pleasantly about with the tacit encouragement of their husbands or lovers for entertainment for the evening, the week, or the month. Then there is a great variety of tourists, — English, Americans, Swedes, and Dutch, — who see the Aquarium, judge their surroundings, and don't say much.

On the other side of the wall, in the native city, overpopulated, dirty, ill-smelling, and unhygienic, the water merchants ply their trade.

'It is fine, this genial idea of Lyautey's, this masterpiece of the Marshal,' my friend remarked, thinking aloud. Suddenly he began again: 'If Marshal Lyautey was both corrupt and a great corrupter of others, we should at any rate recognize that colonizing imperialism had an intelligent and enterprising servant in him. Consider the history of the great cadis and their four-story houses.'

'Tell it to me.'

'Simple enough. The Boulevard de la Gare is lined with magnificent apartment houses four stories high — modern comfort, elevator, and everything. Did you know that all these houses belong to men who are known as the great cadis — Glaoui, M'Tougui, and others? Lyautey gave them the ground and helped them build these superb palaces; it was necessary for the cadis to become proprietors on the Boulevard de la Gare.'

'But the cadis do not live in them?'

'No; they rent them. Each apartment can be said to bring the cadi the payment of a hundred bills a year. There are stores on the ground floor, and apartments and rooms on the terraces that rent at one hundred and fifty francs each per month. This runs into money, and the cadis are always out of pocket, for their sons have been sent to be civilized at Paris. You can imagine how welcome these monthly returns are.'

'And then?'

'Why, then it is perfectly simple. The golden chain. Think this over: These cadis have never attempted to arouse their brothers or to help them in their fight against French imperialism. It is impossible for them to revolt when the Protectorate has given them, on the Boulevard de la Gare, property whose possession assures to them the necessities and comforts of life. It is impossible to be dissatisfied when your property on the Boulevard de la Gare is two hundred yards from the ocean, within close range of the big guns of the Senégalais or the Paris. Do you understand now the astute Machiavellianism of Lyautey in serving in this way the big cadis, who do not ask anything more than to be made use of?

'It was essential for him to have the cadis under his thumb,' concluded my friend. 'I 'll tell you to-morrow how

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he tried to get the natives in the same place.'

The next day I found my friend the old Casablancan on the same terrace. 'You told me yesterday,' I said to him, 'that you would explain how, after getting the cadis under his thumb with his four-story houses, Marshal Lyautey tried to put the natives in the same position.'

'Exactly,' he replied, 'and I'm going to give you the explanation at once. Lyautey's first activity when he arrived in Morocco was to restore — and to restore as only a military man knows how to do it — religious feeling among the natives.'

'But it seems to me — '

'It seems to you, does n't it, that religious sentiment is so deeply embedded in the minds of the Mohammedans that there was no need to try to restore it? The contrary is true. The Algerian and the Tunisian, for instance, may be two people who are essentially religious; but the Moroccan is a different story. He is independent, and represents the freethinking element, if I may say so. At least, that was the case before Lyautey arrived. Do you want some examples? Well, the Ramadan was observed in a very loose way. Most of the natives fasted only by fits and starts, and often not at all. Prayers at the mosque were sparsely attended. Women even went out without veils, and it was not unusual to see them on the terraces of the cafés, sitting beside Europeans, taking their apéritifs. Lyautey arrived, and at once understood the danger of this latent emancipation. He had to have a submissive, duped native; he did not want an irreligious one free from prejudices and superstitions, and therefore an apt pupil to modernist ideas, to deplorable theories of liberty, equality, and independence.

'This proves once more that religion is really "the opiate of the people," the surest safeguard for political imperialism and for brutalizing the native.

'To come back to Lyautey. He saw the peril attaching to a Morocco that slowly got out from under its old superstitions and rites. He put on the brakes. Draconian measures were adopted. Any native who was caught or accused of not observing the Ramadan was first fined and the next time sent to prison. All Moroccans were put under the strict obligation to attend prayers regularly. Unveiled women frequenting theatres and cafés were invited by the native police to stop these deplorable practices, and those who persisted in disobeying these moral orders were simply conducted into the red-light district, *mises en carte*. They were given the position of prostitutes. It was, in a word, a religious terror.'

'And the result?'

'What would you have the natives do in the face of such force? They submitted — or seemed to do so. But the Marabouts, with their fancy residences, intensified the propaganda and fed the flame of religious feeling. At least, they did this for a while — for the war in the Rif opened the eyes of many of them. Then they witnessed a real Moroccan awakening. Even at Fez, the Holy City and the stronghold of the bourgeoisie and the students, Abd-el-Krim has many admirers, and the idea of Moroccan independence, as well as Algerian and Tunisian independence, makes headway, believe me. Some years hence you will see strange things.' My friend the old Casablancan shook his head and looked off into the distance.

'And what is the material and moral situation of the native at Casablanca?' I asked him.

'Very bad. The native is exploited within an inch of his life. He is ex-

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ploited by his employer, by the cadis, and'—my friend hesitated a moment—'exploited by those who ought to protect him and educate him—by his European brothers in misery. Yes, it must be confessed and repeated that there is an urgent and great necessity for a moral education of the native on the subjects of class warfare and capitalist exploitation. But it is also necessary, urgent, and essential to give the European worker in Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis an understanding of the native point of view.'

'What is the average wage of a Moroccan working under European exploitation?'

'Seven francs, or seven francs fifty, a day for fifteen or sixteen hours of work, chiefly on the railroads and in the phosphate factories. He is absolutely forbidden to mix in syndicalist movements, and is subject to brutal and unjustified dismissal—in short, it is the kind of régime you would expect in a country where no law or edict considers the native except to impose obligations on him and make him pay fines.'

'But don't their French comrades help them in their movements? It seems to me that during the last year strikes in Casablanca have been going pretty well.'

'That's true. The strike at the Centrale Thermique of two hundred workers, which lasted two weeks last February; the strike at Schneider's of three hundred workers at the same time; the strike of dock hands, six hundred of them; the strike of building trades that lasted a month during April and involved fifteen hundred to two thousand participants—all these movements ended in victories for the workers, except in the case of the dock hands, and that was for reasons that we are about to go into. In all instances they won a raise in pay of from thirty to forty per cent. In every one of these strikes the natives walked out in spite of the police, who came to arrest them at the doors of the factories.

'Get this: solidarity between the French worker and the native affirms itself in big crises. This is all right, but you want to find this solidarity every day of the week, in the streets, on the docks, and in the factories. Unfortunately this is not the case. Too many French workers here still continue to regard the native as an inferior being.

'Look at the first building operation that you run across. The European worker does his job, and beside him he has the native worker. He makes use of him, imposes on him, and abuses him. If he needs a hammer or a trowel that is several yards away, he orders the native worker to bring the tool to him. If he is on his ladder and needs a stone, he won't go down even though he has only two or three steps to take—he makes an imperious gesture to the native worker, who has to put himself out on his own job to carry the stone. This is the state of mind that I was talking about a minute ago, and it is also the point on which educational work should concentrate. Teach the European worker that the native worker is as good as he is, that he is his equal, that he has the same rights and the same duty—namely, to work together every day at trying to overthrow colonial imperialism, which makes use, without distinction, of both the native and the European worker.'

Leaving Casablanca and going through Rabat again, spending forty-eight hours at Fez, stopping at Taza, and finally at Oudjda, I gathered wherever I passed, from the mouths of everyone I talked to,—Socialists, Communists, or Radicals,—the same opinion: Morocco is undergoing a double crisis. We shall see the political

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crisis clearly enough to-morrow, but it is of the economic crisis that I want to speak here. The subject is obviously dull, and does not lend itself to sentimental or literary treatment, but it is just as well for the French working class to know the truth about the pseudo prosperity of colonized Morocco, the victim of imperialism.

Though I could not talk to a real comrade at Fez, at least I met a sincere and conscientious friend who was quite able to give me alarming information. This is what he said: 'I have a number of relatives in Paris. I have corresponded every week with Radical and Socialist politicians in the French capital. I have written them that they must consider what is going on in Morocco now. I have asked them to bring pressure to bear on newspapers of the advanced type so that they might give an airing to the just grievances of natives as well as of Europeans. In all cases I have been consigned to silence. "One must not," they tell me, "make a noise about such things. It is essential for French opinion to have confidence, absolute confidence, in the future of the Protectorate. However exact this information may be, it would not fail to produce a painful impression in France — a momentary matter, perhaps; but it is necessary to keep quiet, I assure you." I have had to bow to their advice. But since you are here, I am going to tell you everything that I have so unsuccessfully proclaimed before. At least your paper will not be afraid to publish it.'

How useless it was for me to reply! I reproduce here in full the declarations that he made to me.

On account of the rise in the English, American, and Spanish exchange, all the necessities of life have gone up terribly in price. You know that there is an enormous number of products imported from England, especially white cotton and green tea — two importations of prime necessity here, the one for clothing and the other for refreshment. Cotton and tea set the standard for the prices of all other commodities. Hence the market has run wild. At the same time the price of imports from France, such as sugar, which is obviously indispensable to tea, rose irresistibly. For instance, sugar rose from four frances and fifty centimes to seven or eight francs a kilo in a few days.

The immediate result of this was a shortage of wheat, which the natives jealously hoarded in their silos. At the same time grain and Moroccan cattle were being exported in vast quantities to countries with a high exchange — to England, and especially to Spain, where 1,800,000 kilos of butcher's meat were sent in the three weeks between the first and the twenty-first of last July. These figures, by the way, are taken from a copy of *Vigne Marocaine*, which was carefully censored. But figures are not exported, though meat is. It has reached such a pass that Casablancan butchers are obliged to buy their meat from France.

After popular protests, and contrary to the advice of the chambers of commerce, who demanded freedom to export, the Government of the Protectorate decided to impose a tax of five per cent ad valorem on top of the usual duty for all exported grain. Theoretically the money from this tax was to be used to establish a fund that would permit the Government to maintain the price of bread at a fixed and tolerable price, but in practice it succeeded only in conferring greater benefits on the wheat operators at Mogreb.

You see, the price of bread has to be based on the price of wheat two

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weeks previously. If wheat is bought too dear, and if as a consequence the price of bread exceeds three francs a kilo, the sinking fund is used to make up the difference to the wheat operators. You are mistaken if you think that bread actually never did rise beyond three francs a kilo, for we have never succeeded in getting people to sell it by weight. Arrests were made, but the bakers paid no attention to orders. By simple arithmetic you will arrive at this unexpected but exact calculation — that a kilo of bread theoretically costs three francs, but that it weighs only seven hundred grammes, and therefore the thousand grammes actually commands a price of four francs. And everything to match.

The condition of the native is miserable. Let us make a few calculations. The worker makes from six to seven francs a day — let us say seven francs. He must pay eighty francs a month for rent. He pays four francs and fifty centimes for a kilo of bread, and nine francs for a litre of olive oil — but it is an Arab litre, which means that for a real litre of this vital necessity he must pay fourteen francs. How do you suppose he gets along? Even the soldiers, who are supposed to get enough to keep them alive, can hardly subsist. On top of this, the price of gasoline did not follow the descending course of the pound, although it did follow its rise. Although this figure ought to be fifteen or twenty centimes less than in France, we actually pay from three francs to three francs and twenty-five centimes a litre.

Only the middlemen profit. They include thirty or forty individuals scattered between Fez and Casablanca, members and directors of the chambers of commerce. For them the Protectorate is full of smiles, and works so much to their advantage that they have no need to complain. The direct producer gets nothing out of this rise in prices. He sells his harvest standing and at a very low price. He gets one hundred and ten francs a hundredweight, and it is sold for exportation at two hundred francs. The middleman and the promoter are the only beneficiaries in this economic crisis in Morocco. This fact must be shouted from the housetops of France.

I closed our discussion with a question: 'Has M. Steeg done nothing?' My Radical-Socialist friend made no reply. He raised his arms in a gesture of impotence and ignorance. It was clear that he was about to pronounce a complete condemnation of the bourgeois-imperialist régime which produced successively a Lyautey and a Steeg.

'Steeg did nothing.'
'Steeg was not able to do anything.'
'Steeg will act soon, you will see.'

These three statements, two negatives for the past and one doubtful statement for the future, sum up all my interlocutors' opinions of Lyautey's successor. Most of these interlocutors have been good fellows, Cartelists and Socialists, who quite sincerely believed that the replacing of a military megalomaniac by a young civilian of advanced ideas — yes, my dear! — was going to be a magical stroke, and would ring down the curtain on the outrageous conduct of colonizers *à la maréchal* — that it was going to restore the country's political purity and transform Morocco from a sink of iniquity into an idyllic park with carefully mowed terraces, where nice girls play innocent games together.

Foolish indeed were they who imagined that one man, even if he wanted to, could change the régime. And Steeg did not even have the glory of wanting to. Charged with the duty of

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cleansing the Augean stables, he has recoiled from the task. Defeated at Oudjda, and beaten hollow by the Spaniards, — for even they sometimes win victories, — the present Resident-General is being gradually snowed under by the military caste at Rabat, who cannot pardon the replacement of a marshal by a civilian.

This defeat, however, he will have richly deserved. This amorphous creature, who yearned for peace because his political interests commanded it, has not even attempted to defend himself, and has by his laziness and incompetence estranged himself even from the Socialists, his last supporters.

Steeg continued Lyautey's tradition. He allowed Urbain Blanc, a corrupt functionary and shameless thief, to remain Minister Plenipotentiary and Vice-Resident-General. He allowed it? What did I say? He encouraged it. He tolerates a police force and an administration of justice which always favor one class. They are ferocious toward the natives, pitiless toward the poor Europeans, but quite blind when it is a question of fifteen hundred or two thousand Urbain Blancs or the thirty or forty merchants between Fez and Casablanca that we talked about yesterday.

He tolerates this? He encourages it. He went so far as to blame an officer for having dared to enter a villa to reclaim things in it stolen by those two Blancs, husband and wife!

The native is recognizing his strength more and more, and when he wishes to do so he will reconquer his soil and his goods from these bandit-assassins of Europe. He looks about him, the native does, and uses his eyes. He sees that at Oudjda, for instance, there are seven thousand Europeans surrounded by fifteen thousand inhabitants of the Moroccan town. At Fez there are perhaps three thousand Europeans, who will not weigh heavily in the balance against tens of thousands of rebellious Moors when the day of reckoning comes. It is the same story at Marrakesh and at Rabat, menaced by the native village of Sali. More and more he understands that this formidable victory of revenge can be accomplished only with the assistance of his Algerian, Tunisian, and French brothers.

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SPAIN UNDER THE DICTATOR. II[1]

BY A MAN ON THE SPOT

MANY Spaniards deny that the dictatorship was really set up to settle the Morocco question, to restore law and order, or to strengthen the authority of the Government. They ascribe it entirely to the military juntas. These officers' clubs form a soviet system of government in the Army and Navy. They have incessantly demanded new privileges, higher pay, and favors of every kind from the Government — but only for the officer caste. Cabinet after cabinet tried to break up the juntas, but failed, and only made them more self-assertive than ever. This battle between illegal military government and constitutional civil government had been going on for several years, and had reached a crisis when Primo de Rivera seized power. That gentleman was a leading champion of the juntas, and in his first *pronunciamiento* poured a flood of abuse upon Santiago Alba, the ablest and most courageous of their political opponents. Among other things, he accused the minister of misusing his high office for personal profit. The latter demanded a trial, however, which ended in a brilliant acquittal.

Although Primo de Rivera has constantly lavished praise and promises upon the Army, he has found its favor very fickle. The enthusiasm with which the juntas greeted his dictatorship quickly evaporated; for he promised them much more than he could give them. Dissatisfaction spread among the officers, and has recently manifested itself in open opposition. First came last June's proclamation of the two most esteemed and highest officers of the Army, General Field-Marshal Valeriano Weyler and General Francisco Aguilera, summoning the nation, in the name of the country, to put an end to the arbitrary Government.

But this proclamation never reached the people. The men in power learned what was in the wind and arrested betimes a great number of persons suspected of being implicated in this protest. They did not dare to treat General Weyler, who is more than ninety years old and is venerated with almost religious respect by the whole nation, as a plotter against the State. He was to be interned in his palace, and a guard of officers was stationed before his door. But the gray old Field-Marshal takes a horseback ride every morning. The first day after his internment his horse was brought ready saddled to the door as usual, and the Marshal appeared. The officer in charge of the guard rushed up to him in great agitation. 'Señor Field-Marshal, you are not permitted to leave the house. You are a prisoner of State.' Weyler, without the slightest trace of emotion crossing his wrinkled parchment-skinned face, answered: 'I ride.' The agitated officer appealed to his comrades. 'For God's sake, the Field-Marshal 's going riding!' There was a short council of war, and the officers came to the decision: 'We 've got to make a distinction. We

[1] From the *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *August* 29 and *September* 2, 5, 6, 8, 15, 19

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can hardly stop him.' So State's prisoner Weyler, during his four weeks' nominal imprisonment, took his usual horseback ride every morning.

General Francisco Aguilera, formerly Minister of War, was confined in a military prison for a month. When I called upon him, in company with one of his friends, a few days after his release, he expressed surprise that he had been set free while a great number of people, most of whom knew nothing whatsoever of his action, were still in prison. 'Even their names have not been published. Just a few of the more prominent of us have been released. Weyler and I were the only men who signed the manifesto. We are the only ones responsible for the appeal to the nation. We made that plain in the message itself. We acted with a clear conscience; for what we were doing was not a crime. We are not rebels. The man who overthrew the Constitution is the rebel.'

Weyler and Aguilera planned to turn the Dictator out of office and call a free election for a new Parliament. They trusted to the Army, which in the past had a fine tradition as a defender of the civic freedom, to rally to them.

In reply to my inquiry as to what he thought of the work of the Directory, General Aguilera quoted verbatim from the manifesto: 'The Directory has deluded us with the promise that it would hold power only long enough to restore public order, to reassert the authority of the Government, and to settle the Morocco problem. It has reformed none of the existing evils. Spain is rushing headlong toward political demoralization.' When I asked why his enterprise had failed, the General said with a shrug of the shoulders, 'That was the fault of circumstances.' After we had left his house my companion told me that the whole project was betrayed to the Government — both generals were a little too trusting in selecting their confidants.

Among others arrested was Dr. Gregorio Marañon, the chief surgeon of the General Hospital in Madrid. He is a scientist of international reputation, whose researches upon the ductless glands are known to every specialist. He had never taken any part in politics or expressed an opinion regarding the dictatorship in writing or in public addresses. But in private conversation he made no secret of his belief that the present arbitrary form of government is a great misfortune for the country. Therefore he was arrested, thrown into jail, and confined there for more than four weeks, during more than half of which time he was kept strictly *incomunicado* and prevented from having any communication even with his family. Nor is Dr. Marañon's case exceptional; many have suffered far worse — suddenly arrested at their homes without previous notice, and unceremoniously shipped off to the Canary Islands or some other remote place of internment. The list of eminent Spaniards who have been treated this way is a long one. That is why distinguished statesmen like Rodrigo Soriano and Santiago Alba, eminent writers like Vicente Blasco Ibáñez and Eduardo Ortega y Gassett, famous scholars and philosophers like Miguel de Unamuno, are forced to languish in exile until a happier era dawns for their native land.

At last, however, a fresh breeze, presaging the coming storm, has begun to stir the sultry air of Spanish politics. Men vacillate between hope and fear. Will the tornado clear the atmosphere and revivify the land, or will it leave ruin and destruction in its wake? Is the dictatorship strong enough and enlightened enough to guide the ship of State into new waters? Is the King

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alive enough to the situation to realize what the hour demands?

Primo de Rivera's lucky day has probably passed. The featherbrained Andalusian immensely overestimates his powers. He imagines himself competent to handle situations which would prove too much for a far stronger man, and his fate promises to repeat the lesson of Greek tragedy — that pride goeth before a fall. He has been able to retain power hitherto because the Army has stood behind him. Now that it is falling away, he asks the people to support him — the very people whom he has denied all voice in the Government for the past three years. Yet that he should have called upon the citizens to approve his Government by a plebiscite — whatever that may mean under present conditions — is striking evidence of his own conceit of himself and his works.

Another new factor in the situation is the economic depression. I have already mentioned the crisis in Catalonia. A significant article, which probably escaped the censorship because the censor was not intelligent enough to understand it, recently appeared in *España Económica y Financiera*, reviewing the present unhappy state of business and holding the Government responsible for the country's present troubles — largely because it has no definite and clearly-thought-out foreign commercial policy, and has permitted an unexampled rise in prices. Primo answers his critics by pointing to the reproductive public works he has inaugurated, while balancing the Budget. It is true that he has appropriated the equivalent of nearly a quarter of a billion dollars for harbor improvements, road building, canals, irrigation works, reforesting, and power development. Unquestionably that is a step in the right direction. But we must bear in mind that this appropriation represents less than one half of the money recently borrowed by the Government, the greater part of which is being spent to increase the Army, build new barracks, enlarge the aviation force, and expand the Navy. Less than one million dollars of the vast sum thus raised will be devoted to the public-school system. In other words, the Directory is imposing almost intolerable financial burdens upon the present and future generations, for purposes which are for the most part nonproductive, and indeed antieconomic.

Freedom of thought and free criticism are hateful to all arbitrary governments. That is why the right to hold public meetings has been abolished and all centres of political and cultural activity have been closed. The Madrid Athenæum was one of the few intellectual foci in Spain, from which rays of enlightenment were shed upon the whole country. Consequently the Dictator arrested its governing board and replaced them by his own creatures. Since that did not make the institution sufficiently submissive and servile, he closed its doors. Parliament has been sent home; and the censorship, while guilty of absurdities that often verge upon the comical, has effectively silenced free discussion in the press.

Nevertheless, the administrative failures of the new Government are a matter of public knowledge. Its attempt to organize *somatén*, or defense corps modeled upon those of the Fascisti, of which every Spaniard was to be a member until his twenty-third year, failed completely, and only helped to alienate the Army. Indeed, the support of the latter is now largely due to its loyalty to the King. In other words, Spain's Government to-day is virtually a dictatorship in a vacuum.

On the eleventh of February in the year 1873 the Spanish Republic was founded. It lasted for two years before

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succumbing to pressure from hostile forces. A bridge has now been built over the interim of fifty-three years. A group of organizations banded together under the name of *Escuela Nueva*, combining the Parties of the Left, both Liberals and Socialists, has decided that this year will witness the day of reckoning; and there is further significance in the fact that the dictatorship has allowed this organization to hold meetings. Evidently the Government wants to keep in touch with the organization's opinions, and it has defined its scope. The arrangement is that it can hold meetings behind closed doors. Under these conditions a certain freedom of speech is allowed. By this policy the Government will, perhaps, not be so easily surprised, and can keep better in touch with its opponents and observe all their activities. The Escuela Nueva has the prudence not to abuse its freedom of speech, and to let no incident arise that would provoke the authorities. Its programme provides that iron discipline shall prevail throughout the organization. In fact, it has been given a literary and artistic tone. But, at the stroke of ten, all members rise and stand silent for a minute, thinking of the Republic. These meetings have taken on real importance. They have attracted people from every rank of society and from all professions in the various towns and cities of the country; Liberals, Democrats, Republicans, and Socialists are assembling in the name of freedom, giving a silent demonstration more impressive than words against the dictatorship.

This movement became so strong that its members slowly gathered the courage to show their faces to the Dictator and to announce, 'Here we are.' A manifestation of this sort was given on the eleventh of February last, proving that though political life might have been censored it was not killed. The single minute of silence was enough to show that the people's mind was made up.

The Escuela Nueva received unnumbered congratulations from all parts of the country and from abroad, and bound all into a book, but when the volume was printed the censor forbade its distribution. It will be a document of the highest historical value, and readers of it will find a lively picture of a period of waiting and hope. It is, in short, a democratic manifesto expressing the sentiment of the leading personalities of the times. It includes in a small compass the programme of Republicanism, and announces the day when the Dictator shall fall and a new Cortes shall assemble. It is an outline along political, economic, and cultural lines. It deals with social and practical conditions in a peaceful fashion, in the hope of leading the people into a new state as easily as possible when the crisis comes. The programme is purposely confined to the realm of what is possible, and expressly avoids that most pressing problem which up to now has been the keystone and the battle ground of all Spanish politics — the matter of Church and State. Clericalism goes down to the roots of the country's life, in both private and public affairs, and can lead to bitter conflicts. If the programme sponsored by the moderate and radical elements of the Republican Alliance is carried out, this central problem of Spanish politics, along with many other side issues, will be opened up in future parliamentary debates. Now the people can say: 'We are on the march. We are not going to involve the country in troubles, but we are going to free it from the entanglements from which it is suffering. We are not trouble-makers, but restorers of order. Our form of order is based on justice, not on

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might — on coöperation, not on the supremacy of one over another.'

All demonstrations signify that a just administration of the law is the essence of the new programme. They also dwell strongly on the fact that Catalonian separatism threatens the unity of the nation, which can be saved best by a workable republic. This will be based on a federalism that will recognize the rights of Catalonia, which under the dictatorship have been jeopardized and almost destroyed. Catalonia will be the keystone of the future republic, for it has shown itself well disposed to Republicanism during certain Church crises.

The new Republican spirit speaks in terms of the greatest optimism. The bitter suspicions and oppressions that Spain has suffered up to now are giving way to a belief in the forthcoming victory of the Republican idea, whose basis has been proved to be sound. To a friend of mine who has changed from a Liberal to a Republican under the dictatorship I expressed doubt as to how far it would be possible in the light of past experience to endue the Republic with any degree of permanence and stability. He answered: 'This country is not like modern Germany, which was always the home of monarchism but has now been turned into a republic that has gone from strength to strength over a period of eight years. Yet is not Germany thankful to the men in the State to-day who started the country on this road? We also soon expect to have a republic in which the integrity of modern Spain will be resurrected. Only a republic will clear the political foundations for all people, and open up again what the monarchy and the dictatorship have suppressed. The nation will once more be the captain of its fate. The great and growing republics of Spanish blood in Latin America know that the time is ripe for us to rule ourselves. The entire Republican programme and all possible developments of the Republican idea to a higher state of development have been systematically neglected under the monarchy. Whoever would bring a country to true democracy must instruct its people in that school or the people will be betrayed. When the Republic comes we shall know how to manage it, and among the united republics of the Europe of the future Spain will take an honorable place.'

The speaker was no visionary. His hopefulness is so widespread and so deeply felt that it will bring even unfriendly critics to terms. People ask where Spain will find its new leader. They are answered in these words written by Blasco Ibáñez in exile on February 11 last: 'The Republic shapes these men. The movement brings them forth when the change in the régime takes place. Have no fear; they will not fail. In every country and in all times the right man was on the right spot at the right moment.'

This Republican writer is not a theorist, either; he is as much a realist in politics as he is in his books. He gives his words, visionary as they may seem, a thoroughly realistic meaning. Blasco Ibáñez certainly does not expect that the future leaders will be drawn only from the Republican movement. A moderate Catalonian leader has formulated the matter in this way: 'If the Republic comes, it will not be due to Republicans alone. Liberals will be with them, and many Conservatives too. Its followers will simply be those men who can no longer put up with monarchy.'

These very Royalist elements, in whose minds monarchy is still an ideal, have recognized that the dictatorship has done their principles no good, and that its awkward hand has destroyed

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much of the prestige that used to cling to their tradition. The prestige attaching to the Throne is based on the Constitution, and represents the highest ideals of the people, transcending all party lines. The fact that the monarchy was able to countenance the people being submitted to a rule of force has shattered this ideal. Dissensions are already breaking out in the ranks of the Conservatives who hold the old-fashioned beliefs in the divine right of kings, and the sovereignty of royal might is certainly passing away. During this time people also have learned that the soul of the nation awaits democracy, and many have come to the belief that a true democracy is possible only in the form of a republic. Even those who cling most tenaciously to the old beliefs and to whom the idea of political change is most distasteful recognize the signs of the times and are asking themselves if the monarchy is not actually to blame for the decline that has taken place in political life since the Dictator came in and strangled the country with his iron fist. Among those whose ideal is serving the Crown, the knowledge that the monarchy must cling to the Constitution is still only partly realized. For a king who abandons his Constitution has forfeited his right to rule, and cannot turn around and take protection from it afterward. The monarchy has succeeded in continuing its existence by taking shelter under the wing of Primo de Rivera, but at all events it must presently assume a different aspect from what it has worn heretofore. Three years of dictatorship testify to how it has fulfilled its trust. Experience is making clear that Spain's new lease of life will not be possible unless there is a complete regeneration of national spirit throughout all classes.

There are many tokens of this revival, of an awakening sense of duty. There is a deeper sense of seriousness among the people. The dictatorship is now tottering, and people's thoughts are beginning to turn to a new kind of political life. People everywhere are beginning to remember the men who took over the burden of responsibility but sacrificed it for party squabbles and sold out the masses in seeking their own needs. This leads inevitably to disaster. Now that a desire to be born again is animating everybody, it is recognized that surrender is inevitable. Public figures of recognized integrity and statesmanship are to be found in all Parties. People expect that they will 'give Spain the place in the fellowship of the world that she deserves.' On innumerable occasions Primo de Rivera has had the arrogance to utter these words as his policy. The world has seen how miserably he has fulfilled his pledge. But if Primo has failed in everything that he undertook, his dictatorship has certainly left behind it one enduring effect — it has inspired a great patriotic movement toward universal freedom and unification, and the recognition that the fatherland is the highest law.

In all other countries people have followed the fate of Spain with intense interest. They look with sympathy on the prospect of the sound establishment of its political life; for this nation, whose history has in it so much that is noble, deserves a better lot than has lately befallen it.

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AMONG THE MACEDONIAN REVOLUTIONISTS[1]

BY F. DE GERANDO

[THE acute diplomatic tension between Bulgaria and Jugoslavia, and the already strained relations between Bulgaria on the one hand and Greece and Rumania on the other, gave rise to rumors of war in the Balkans. These had their source in the lately renewed activity of the I. R. O. M. — Internal Revolutionary Organization of Macedonia. The author of the present account, a French correspondent of the Paris *Matin* and of *L'Écho de Turquie* of Constantinople, is the only European journalist who has ever been successful in visiting the haunts of the redoubted insurgents in the wilds of the Macedonian mountains. He has been honor-bound not to reveal whether these haunts are in Bulgaria, Greece, or Jugoslavia.]

THEODORE ALEXANDROFF, long the great chief of the Macedonians, had just fallen at the hands of hired assassins (September 1924). To avenge the death of that renowned *voivoda* (province chief) blood had flowed plentifully for the next fifteen days. It is estimated that in that short time at least a hundred suspected plotters were summarily executed by order of the I. R. O. M. Bulgarian Macedonia was virtually in the hands of this organization, which had taken on itself the task of maintaining order and of wreaking vengeance. At the very height of the crisis I suddenly received orders to go to visit the voivoda, General Protogueroff, successor of Theodore Alexandroff, and interview him on the circumstances of the death of his predecessor — at which he was known to have been present — and on the immediate projects of the Organization.

It is impossible for me to reveal the means by which I was able to make arrangements with the confidential agents which the I. R. O. M. maintains nearly everywhere in Europe, and particularly in the capital in which I then found myself. The negotiations were long and laborious. It was necessary to transmit to the General, roving somewhere in the mountains, my request for an audience, and then to arrange for the trip under secret escort. Finally, after nearly two weeks, a stranger came one day to inform me that I must stay in my room for three days, not going out for any purpose whatever, and await 'those who will come to fetch you.'

I shall long remember the interminable days I spent pacing my room like a caged animal, alternately moved by curiosity at the adventure in store for me and by apprehension over the mysterious dangers through which I should have to pass. These outlaws and desperadoes were known to hold human life cheap, and I was going there at the very time when they themselves had come through a period of intense excitement and savage, pitiless repression. All this, too, among men whose language I neither spoke nor understood.

[1] From *L'Écho de Turquie* (Constantinople French-language Independent daily), *August* 20-22

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At about five in the afternoon of October 13, the last of my three days of caged waiting, I had begun to believe my trip would be countermanded, when a long gray automobile drew up quietly under my window, bearing three men in civilian caps and garb and a fourth elegantly dressed and of handsome countenance. That attractive young stranger is to-day a staunch friend, with whom I have often talked over the great adventure he led me through during those next thirty-six hours. He came in, and without calling me by name asked, 'Are you ready?'

I hurriedly put on my mountain togs and we go out. The gray car glides off into the dusk at quickly gathered speed. It is cold, and I admire the stoicism of the men in their light clothes. We are soon out of the town traffic stream, and rush along a broad country highway on which an occasional farmer's cart, too slow to give way, makes us swerve out in passing. We slacken speed but little on our way through sleepy villages, whose cottages echo loudly the heavy hum of our motor, while ruddy faces peer in mild curiosity from lighted doorways and small peasant children shout shrill greetings. In larger villages, where there are a few street lamps, people are strolling or listening to the inevitable military orchestra. Eventually comes a long, steep, winding climb, through dark, narrow valleys, through which flows a white stream, tumbling beside us down hills and cliffs ever higher as we proceed. Then an abrupt hairpin turn in the road as we leave the hill and jump into high on a level track across a wide upland plain that spreads out before us to a massive mountain range looming sinister in the distance. At its base myriads of dim lights twinkling in a cluster denote a town, toward which our road now points.

My companion has just told me, 'Now we are in Macedonia.' We had in fact, on emerging from the hills, crossed the old Turkish boundary settled by the Treaty of San Stefano in 1878. The men in mufti draw from the pockets and from under the seats of the car broad capes of gray felt cloth, leather helmets, and short carbine rifles, and quickly transform themselves into soldiers of the Macedonian 'regular' army.

We have hardly started to cross the barren, apparently deserted plain when we hear a sharp whistle from behind a pile of rocks just ahead of us and a voice calls out:—

'*Stoi! Koi tam?*' ('Halt! Who goes there?')

The car stops abruptly. Carbine in hand, a soldier, uniformed like my companions, emerges from his hiding-place. After an exchange of passwords he hops on the running board and we are off again with him as our guide. We speed across the plain and soon near the town, which proves to be of considerable size. Before entering it, however, our soldiers throw back their capes, doff helmets for caps, and hide their carbines.

Within the town are gendarmes in familiar uniforms, civilians, women, orchestras, cafés—a normal public life, but under the surface palpitates the secret power of the redoubtable organization of which I am now the guest. We turn sharply into an obscure little street, and stop beside a high wall which throws a pitch blackness over part of the already dark passage. An invisible door opens to the sentinel's knock, and quickly closes on our heels. We are in one of the dens of the revolutionaries. I have since passed through that same town many times, but have searched in vain for that little street and its black wall.

Within the room, so dimly lighted that I can distinguish nothing but a

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few alert faces, I am received rather haughtily by a stern, gray-bearded old voivoda and a young man of the disquieting, ascetic, excitable countenance of a Russian nihilist. I learn later that this young man is the notorious Ivan Mihaeloff, called 'Ivantcho,' the aide-de-camp of General Protogueroff and organizer of the bloody reprisals of September 1924. We are called to dinner in another room. Conversation is difficult, but the wine is excellent, and the stuffed peppers baked in oil taste good to a hungry man. When the time comes for the inevitable Turkish coffee, the taciturn old chief says to me, in excellent French, 'The coffee, you will have that up yonder.'

Again we are off in the long gray car. After several miles we draw up before a long wooden bridge stretching across a broad river bed, in which I see more sand and rocks than water. Stunted willow trees line the bank. From behind one of these the cry of a sentry breaks the stillness of the gray night. We get out and there is a short parley. The sentinel is in full campaign dress — cape, helmet, pointed leather sandals, white felt leggings cross-wrapped with black cord, carbine, and full cartridge belt. We cross the bridge afoot. On the other bank another sentry challenges us from behind the trees. At our response, three horses, fully saddled, emerge miraculously from the shadows.

Preceded by the sentry afoot, and followed by another mounted soldier who has appeared as mysteriously as our horses, we start off in the saddle up the boulder-strewn river bed. I entrust myself to the good offices of my mountain steed, who of course knows the country infinitely better than. I. Besides, the Macedonian saddle, made of stiff leather over a wooden frame, forbids any attempt at scientific equitation. This way up the river bed is not long for us, for soon we climb the bank at the right, in the general direction of what I imagine is the frontier of the next neighboring country, and then — three hours of nightmare, up, down, and up almost perpendicular paths and passes, then no paths at all, horses slipping, lurching, and stumbling, but never falling or faltering, along goat trails that would make a French goat dizzy. On every side the mica-strewn rock reflects gently the myriad stars of that clear October night, as if some divinity had sprinkled gems wholesale over that poor soil for which so much blood has flowed.

The last descent is so steep that my feet touch the ground beside the horse. One of the Macedonian soldiers looks at me disgustedly and spits disapprovingly. At last we are again in a river bed, this time a small one, up which we proceed for some twenty minutes, in the water. It is the classic way of throwing possible pursuers off the scent. Sentinels challenge us frequently. We near our goal. A brisk turn in our river path, and in the impenetrable darkness phantom forms move about whose presence we feel rather than see.

Up from the river we find ourselves in the midst of a veritable military camp, on campaign. It is cleverly hid from view on every side, by rocks, trees, bushes, and a busy mill, whose incessant sound drowns the noise of arms and voices. We dismount, and our horses disappear in a trice, swallowed up by the night. Soldiers surround us and conduct us up a bush-covered path to a deserted peasant's cottage with closed shutters and doors. Suddenly a flash of light blinds me. It is the electric torch of an officer who has decided to look me over. After a brief parley, he pronounces in impeccable French: 'You are the man we have been awaiting. Come.'

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Before the hut are more soldiers. I vaguely perceive their silent forms on all sides. Messengers go and come, seeming to melt through the door, which I notice is not closed, but open and dark. We are led inside, slipping between two overlapping blankets hung like curtains. In the low-ceilinged room, beside a dying fire on the hearth, sits an old sleeping woman enveloped in a voluminous coat of rough white felt cloth. We pass before her to a door in the corner and into a small room. A smoking kerosene lamp reveals a white wooden table and two rough chairs that almost fill the tiny chamber. In the dim light, squeezed between table and wall, in the full accoutrements of a general of the revolutionary army, his hand stretched out to me in a gesture of welcome, is Protogueroff.

Iron-gray hair, jacket and breeches of khaki-colored corduroy, his broad expanse of waist pressed against the table, his long-pointed sandals protruding below, the General, looking like a wholesome father of a peaceful family, resembles a brave chamois hunter more than a romantic king of the mountains, were it not for the heavy belt of cartridges across his chest, the electric torch hooked at his side, and his wicked revolver. This revolver, a small automatic Mauser of blue steel, he lays down, as after the first salutations he draws me to a seat, on the narrow table between us. All the rest of the night the little Mauser lies there, while I sit under the spell of its little black eye that seems to watch me mistrustfully. We later become good friends, however, the little Mauser and I, for at the moment of departure the next evening the General hands it to me with the charming request that I keep it as a souvenir.

We sit for several hours, the General across the table and an interpreter at my right, and we talk. 'I am happy to receive here the representative of one of the greatest newspapers of France,' says the General; and he speaks at length of France — he once spoke French, but, alas, the life he leads in the Macedonian brush is not propitious to the practice of foreign tongues. He speaks of Frenchmen he has known, notably of a general whom he met soon after the Armistice. I cannot reproduce here the long conversation that ran on till the light from a small shuttered window betokened the morning. Those who have followed attentively the march of events in the Balkans know the chief passages; they appeared in *Le Matin*, from which many other papers copied them at the time — the poignant story of Theodore Alexandroff's assassination. Let it suffice here that I answer to an infamous calumny spread by interested scandalmongers, and which Mr. Henri Barbusse in his recent volume, *Les Bourreaux*, exposed all too gently — the legend which asserts that it was General Protogueroff himself who had Alexandroff assassinated, on the order of Mr. Tzankoff and the Sofia Government. This absurd story arose from the fact that Protogueroff was accompanying Alexandroff when that great chieftain fell into an ambush set by the hired gunmen of Communist propaganda, and that he, Protogueroff, though present at the assassination, was not also killed.

When the death of the Macedonian chief was decided on, at Vienna in June 1924, assassins were sought — and were not easy to find. One must appreciate the formidable prestige exercised on Macedonian minds by the great leader of the Organization in order to understand how difficult it would be to find two men among the intimates of the voivoda capable of lifting their hands against him — capable also of bearing him enough hate to expose

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themselves, in case of failure, to the most terrible punishment. In fact, the project of a Communist insurrection, which was to have broken out thirteen days after the death of the chief, failed miserably, and the two assassins were caught, and horribly expiated their crime: shut up in a house where they had sought refuge, they were burned alive. These slayers had been discovered in the persons of two lesser voivodas of Rumanian origin, Vlakoff and Vreteneroff, who, jealous and discontented for personal reasons, hated Alexandroff. Certainly no two others could have been found in all Macedonia.

Now these two assassins had, during the war, served under the direct command of General Protogueroff, who had been kind to them. Therein lies the explanation of the mystery, for they detested Alexandroff and loved Protogueroff. When this is understood it is easy to reject the miserable slander that this old man, Protogueroff, killed his dearest friend and comrade, a man much younger than himself, in the ridiculous hope of succeeding him. Since when have the aged assassinated the young to inherit from them?

This friendly old man before me is, then, the uncontested chief of a state, the absolute sovereign of an extensive country peculiar in the fact that its territory stretches over portions of the 'holdings' of three other Powers. Except for that little detail his sovereignty is complete. He collects taxes, renders justice, and levies troops. These are, if I remember my courses in political science, the three attributes of sovereignty. He dispenses justice under cover, and for that reason it is more feared. One can escape Bulgarian, Greek, or Serbian judges, but no one gets away from the verdict of the Macedonian court. One may flee afar, change one's name, but the tentacles of this power reach anywhere; hidden and in silence, they catch, and crush. Panitza, Tchaouleff, others also who betrayed the cause, have left a memory of their sad example.

The army of this monarch does not live in comfortable barracks. On going out of the cottage in the morning I find no sign of the men or the activity of the night before — nothing but the peaceful fulling-mill turning interminably in the sunlight, the cool shadows of trees and rocks in the glen, and a couple of peasants busy about their chores. The army comes together at night, in an obscure mountain gorge, to train, or to carry out some sudden stroke; and by day it peacefully tills the soil in peasant garb. Thus it is only the more unassailable and invincible. It appears, carries out its task, and vanishes — like a Balkan eagle in the mountain mist, which falls on its prey and then with one stroke of its wings soars away.

The finances of this invisible Government are the most perfect in the world. Every citizen pays, and he who refuses knows that his days of peace will soon terminate.

The machinery — administrative, political, and diplomatic — of this Government functions marvelously. Its couriers run over the Balkans and all Europe; its plenipotentiaries travel from one capital to another; and, at the September sessions of the League of Nations, some could be seen at Geneva surveying the work of that high council.

All the military power of the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes has not succeeded in touching this formidable political and military organization, which bases its existence on the desire for independence and on fear. This king without a crown, without a resting place, rides through the night surrounded by his little troop of prætorian guards. Holding his life in his hands every minute, perpetually condemned to death if caught by his ene-

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mies, yet benefiting by chance from a continuous reprieve, this king is better served than any monarch in the world, for no one dreams of refusing when he says 'I wish it.' He is the most lowly and the most powerful of earthly kings.

What does this king actually desire? Without a doubt, it is the rectification of the errors of 1912, 1913, and 1918 — the recognition of Macedonia within her ethnical boundaries, the application of the principles which Lord Northcliffe, chief of Allied propaganda during the Great War, recommended to the Foreign Office in May 1918. The minimum programme of the I. R. O. M., however, is more modest — it is the honest application to the Macedonian nation of the rules created by the Treaties of Paris on the rights of ethnical minorities. The Organization demands for its constituents the right to teach their own language to the children of Macedonia, the right for Macedonians to worship God in their own tongue, to have newspapers in their language, to form a legal political party with rights equal to those of the Croats, the Slovenes, or the Moslems of Bosnia.

'At that price,' said Protogueroff to me during that memorable night of October 13, 1924, 'I am willing to disarm at once, and to dissolve the Organization.' On twenty different occasions since then the directing committee and full congress of the Organization have solemnly confirmed that declaration. On the other hand, again pronounces the absolute chief: 'We do not want to be an obstacle to the normal development of friendly relations between Bulgaria and her neighbors. We should be very happy, on the contrary, to see harmony established between Sofia and Belgrade. To such an agreement, however, we insist on being a party. We will never permit the Sofia Government to come to terms with Belgrade over our heads by sacrificing our most sacred interests. It will never be possible to establish peace in the Balkans without solving the problem of Macedonia.'

These words of the Macedonian chief throw into strong relief the situation of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. In the light of recent events they admirably explain that interminable and insoluble conflict which has its origin in the error which Serbian and other diplomats commit in seeking at Sofia the solution of their Macedonian difficulties. One may reason *ad infinitum* on the greater or less degree of complicity of one or another Bulgarian cabinet with the I. R. O. M.; one may discuss interminably the question of whether Tzankoff was better or worse prepared than Liaptcheff to resist Macedonian pressure. These are bagatelles. The bottom of the question is elsewhere: it is in Macedonia.

Some months ago a well-known diplomat representing one of the great Western Powers in a Balkan capital said to me: 'The problem of the pacification of the Balkans is quite simple. Bulgaria should conclude with Jugoslavia a military alliance with the object of exterminating by common effort the last vestiges of the I. R. O. M.' This is easy enough to say. All I could reply to that brave diplomat was: 'Try it.' He smiled. I smiled — but not with the same meaning. It is true that he had not, as I had, gone to visit, in the midst of his army, General Protogueroff, chief of the I. R. O. M. and King of Macedonia — *in partibus infidelium*. He therefore did not have the same excellent reasons as I have to believe that the fault with his marvelous plan is that it is absolutely, definitely, and totally unrealizable. It is necessary to find another way.

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WITH THE U-53 TO AMERICA. I[1]

BY CAPTAIN HANS ROSE

To-day, as I rummage through my war diaries, ten years after my trip in the U-53 to Newport, Rhode Island, and read what I have written there, all the emotions that I felt at that time reawaken in me. The crew were extraordinarily willing to put up with all kinds of toil, and they faced every danger with courage and weathered all storms in the best of humor, so that they seem to be greater heroes than I was, especially as the stretch of years grows longer. Though I can scarcely remember some of their names, I can never forget their deeds and spirit. Their courage and hopefulness that I recall cannot but augur well for the future of our Fatherland.

My boat, the U-53, was two hundred and fifty tons, and was made for the war in the factory at Kiel, having been built to cruise only in European waters. For the transatlantic trip there was added an outside tank of one hundred and fifty tons. I had been put in command of the boat in April 1916, and during the summer had made various trips in the North Sea, with considerable success. Our personnel numbered thirty-six men in all.

On the last Sunday in August 1916, Commodore Bauer, chief of the submarine warfare campaign, called me and asked, 'Do you believe that your boat can make a trip to America?' This question was soon to be answered in the negative, because the cruising radius of the boat was 5600 nautical miles and the journey to New York and back was 7800 miles. The Commodore explained that the commercial U-boat Bremen had already set out for New London, hoping to escape the clutches of the British cruisers, and that my journey would be made to discover the fate of the boat. It therefore presented itself to me as a very tempting opportunity. For us U-boat people our kind of warfare had a special appeal, and we wanted to free our weapon from the fetters that had limited it. To that end everyone would gladly work. I therefore sent hurriedly for my chief engineer, Möller, to consult with him on the possibility of the boat's making the trip, and we were able the next day to announce to the Commodore that we would undertake the mission if we could have our extra tank half full of fuel and carry a light gun. The offer was accepted: 'Good; you set forth in two weeks.'

The wharf now became a scene of the most lively activity, in which everyone participated with the greatest zeal. Wild rumors about our mission naturally buzzed in everyone's ears. Aside from a few men in high command on the Admiralty Staff, and the crew and officers of the boat, no one had any information about our plans. The instructions as given to us by the Chief of the Admiralty Staff ran something like this: —

'The commercial submarine Bremen set out on the twenty-fifth of August for New London and New York. It is supposed that the British fleet sank the

[1] From *Tägliche Rundschau* (Berlin Stresemann-Party daily), *September* 19, 21, 22

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boat outside an American port. You will proceed to American waters and seek an engagement with British cruisers and sink one. Then you will, if possible, take a British prisoner and go to the harbor of Newport, Rhode Island, which is very near New London, and make clear to the officials there that the U-53 is really a military submarine.

'You will stay in the harbor only twenty-four hours, and then return. After leaving Newport, you will take the opportunity to do as much damage as possible along the American coast among commercial ships. Always observe international law and keep well within its limits.'

That order was a mouthful. It was especially important for my appearance to occur in the beginning of October, for at that time our invasion of Rumania was to begin. My arrival in America would betoken that our submarine warfare was looking up, for it had not yet realized its full strength as a military arm.

We made our first trial voyage on Friday, the fifteenth of September, in a very stormy sea. Why had we picked Friday, the day on which no right-thinking seaman ever leaves his harbor?

On the next Sunday, the seventeenth of September, things went much better. We left our beloved Helgoland at daybreak, and enjoyed lovely sunshine and a south wind as we headed northward. Everything was as beautiful as one could ask until night came, when the glass suddenly dropped eighteen millimetres — an unheard-of occurrence at this time of the year — and a storm broke upon us. Thus we discovered that the extra tank half filled with fuel kept the boat from rising and falling in the waves as it used to do, but that we lay flat in the water, while the sea rolled over us. Chief Mate Schröter and I stood alone on the conning tower, holding on tight to the steel railing, while all the crew remained below. Suddenly the bottom was swept from under our feet, and, as U-boaters say, 'we shipped it green.' We had to slacken our pace and go more carefully until the storm had spent its force. The next night the air was like ambrosia, and the sea clear as a mirror. Golden streams of light played on both sides of the vessel. In front they were cleaved asunder, but they mingled again in the whirling wake. The stars were reflected in the sea, and Sirius greeted us with a single beam that flowed straight from the horizon to our boat. We drank in the beauty of the North Sea for hours, and enjoyed the splendor of the Northern twilight. A gentle voice was heard singing below, '*Soviel Sonnenstrahlen fielen goldenschwer, fielen feurig-glänzend in das tiefe Meer.*' Far in the east the lights of the Norwegian coast were blinking.

The most important man on the boat, in so far as the commander himself did not assume this rôle, was the cook. His person took on gigantic proportions when he announced that he knew North America.

'Hey, Bernhard, what kind of place is it?'

'The people there,' he replied, 'run twice as fast as we do, they have ten times as much money, twenty times as big houses, fifty times as many automobiles, and jaws one hundred times bigger than ours.'

Ten years have passed since this absurd statement was made, and we know how much of it is untrue, but as a conscientious recorder of what happened on board the ship at the time I cannot suppress it.

One evening a thick fog fell, and with it a peaceful sea. This pleased us, for we could make good headway. At dawn it cleared off, and the officer watching in the conning tower cried: 'Ship sighted to starboard.' I rushed

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up. A ship in this God-forsaken spot? It seemed hardly possible. Observation through the glasses showed us that it was no ship, but a wide expanse of water with rocks sticking up. We had proceeded cautiously for the last sixty nautical miles, but during the night the compass had gone thirty degrees astray. That is why we suddenly found ourselves in trouble. It looked as if we were caught in a net and were about to be wrecked, when the sky suddenly cleared. 'Young, fine fellows have good luck,' reflected the man in charge of the torpedoes, a fine youngster from Berlin, as he climbed complacently up in the bow to look after his apparatus.

Wind and weather worked their will on our little ship. One day we made only sixty nautical miles, and on another we put two hundred miles behind us. Pleasant days were put to the greatest possible use — the boat was repaired, the oil supply checked up, new wireless antennæ arranged, and innumerable little details set to rights that had been broken during the periods of storm. The men who stood watch on the conning tower had to expend frightful efforts. There were always one officer, a noncommissioned officer, and a sailor on duty there, while another sailor steered the boat. The man on deck was clothed in an outfit of rubber, which had only a hole for his head to stick out of, and two others for his arms. The thing looked like a diving suit. Over his head went a cowl that came down over his ears and under his chin; while a cloak covered his shoulders. The men who stood watch on the conning tower were up to their hips in ice-cold water for four hours. If the water got in anywhere, they had to cut a couple of holes the size of a dollar in the bottom of their suits and let it trickle out. It was exciting work. True enough, they were often soaking wet, but they had the satisfaction of feeling that they were helping our progress.

When the boat ran into heavy weather and a rough sea, the machinery groaned and the forward rudder cut the sea like the hand of a giant. For hours on end Chief Engineer Möller and I sat in the forward compartment expecting a catastrophe at any moment. There was nothing to do but pin our hopes to the strength of the ship — and, thanks be to God, our hopes were fulfilled. The highest credit is due to the German shipyards and to their excellent work.

When we were halfway across, the god of the winds at last granted us a peaceful day. We took advantage of this respite to bring on deck a water tank which was used to supply cold water for our Diesel motor. We had a great time. Everyone bathed in warm salt water, and we played the phonograph on top of the conning tower. The boys danced about naked, and a particularly active sailor walked on his hands around the water tank. Everyone felt much better after this strenuous bit of sport, and all slept soundly.

During the night we put our wireless mast in place and got in touch with the big European stations, from which we learned that the Bremen was expected in the United States. With increased excitement we continued our journey.

But our feeling of care-free pleasure did not last long. Hardly had the barometer come to rest before it suddenly fell again, and we began another battle with the sea and wind. Many hearts were assailed with fear. How could we fulfill our mission if we had burned so much fuel already? It was now impossible to turn back. How could our boat survive this awful exhaustion of supplies, and how could our crew survive this protracted period of ceaseless activity? In this frame of mind I called together the officers and noncommissioned officers for a council

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of war. They all showed such enthusiasm that my only course was to pull out the single bottle of port wine that I had on board, and we drank to the success of our enterprise. I had undervalued the fortitude of my crew.

After days and weeks of fighting with the elements, we neared the island of Newfoundland, when we suddenly came upon a big steamer close at hand. We dove at once, but a serious misfortune almost befell us. Someone had carelessly left a window open, and water flowed in over one of the Diesel engines, making us list badly. The situation was critical. We brought the boat to the surface at once by the use of compressed air, and found ourselves in a thunderstorm. When the motors had been put to rights, we dove again, and everything went well. While I was eating my evening frankfurter the fellow responsible for the trouble came into the room and with tears in his eyes assured me that he was to blame and that no such thing should ever happen again. And it never did, either on that journey or on many others that he made after it.

We had crossed at last. Our first greeting from the New World was the brilliant northern lights that played for an hour over Newfoundland. They blazed in green, red, violet, and gold, and quivered through the sky from the east to the west. The next morning the officers told me that eight of the crew were unfit for duty. They were suffering from splitting headaches, and could hardly move their limbs. My own head felt as big and heavy as a bomb. Was the strenuousness of the journey going to be too much for human endurance? Would our nerves, which are things U-boat crews should know nothing of, fail us in our duty? If we did not succeed, the world would know that it was impossible for a U-boat to cross the ocean, and we should be subject to the scorn and derision of our enemies. I then called up the cook, who had already done so much for us. 'What's the matter here?' I asked him. 'What can we do about it?'

'It's Newfoundland sickness,' he replied. 'We ought to have a thick grog.'

No sooner said than done. True, I had never heard of Newfoundland sickness, but in two days everyone was well again. I have since discovered that grog will also work wonders with influenza.

When the weather permitted, we erected our wireless mast, but only one announcement interested us, and that fairly broke our hearts. It came from a big American station and announced: 'The U-boat Bremen has been sunk by the Allies. A second boat under the same name is now crossing the Atlantic.' What did that signify? This much was clear — the Bremen had not yet arrived in New London. This was of the utmost importance, for it was already the fourth of October, and the ship was ten days overdue.

I turned it over in my mind again and again whether I should give up the journey to New London and sneak into the Halifax harbor at night and within half an hour release as many torpedoes and hand grenades on the ships there as I could, and then quickly seek the open sea. But I did not care for the plan. Its success was very doubtful, on account of the narrow harbor, into which it would be very difficult for a boat to penetrate unobserved and unhurt; and if the enterprise should be unsuccessful we should attract the scorn of our enemies.

The next day we enjoyed beautiful warm sunshine. We brushed up the boat, painted it, and fixed it up as if for a regatta. Inside we were at last dry, and the sun shone through the open windows on rooms that had seen

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nothing but electric light for a whole week. A clever stoker clipped everybody's hair, working over it for all he was worth, but his victims, though they told him how much they wanted cut off, were not satisfied with his efforts. The sea was clear as a mirror in the sun's rays, and crowds of whales dove and spouted all about us, while from beyond the horizon we could see the smoke of ships going to and coming from Europe. Typical American vessels were to be discerned motionless on the deep blue horizon. Suddenly a dark shape loomed up before us. 'Land!' cried everyone. 'America!'

It was a mistake. The dark mass approached us with true American speed, and the first thing we knew we found ourselves in a thick fog. This was hard luck. During the past weeks fog had always pleased us, but now when we wanted bright weather we could hardly see the bow of our boat.

These observations were made on the morning of the sixth of October some twenty nautical miles from Newport harbor. The fog was so thick you could cut it with a knife. Toward noon we detected signals that evidently came from British cruisers. They became so loud that I knew these vessels must be close at hand, and in order to avoid being run into we raised our anchor. The noise then died away, and we never found where it came from. But we still hoped that the Bremen was somewhere about.

During the afternoon it became a little clearer. We skirted the coast, and toward evening came upon an island that is known as No Man's Land. 'The name is portentous,' reflected one of the crew. 'We'll hoist the German flag on it yet.' Later we had good reason to regret this joke.

Twilight fell, and the air became delightfully clear. We cruised along all night just on the edge of American neutral waters, back and forth in front of the entrance to New London. Half a dozen times we came within shouting distance of passing ships, but they were all peaceful merchant vessels and no British cruisers were to be seen. Our anxiety grew from hour to hour. At early dawn we approached New London and set our course toward the bay, until we could survey it with field glasses. During the whole morning we scrutinized the coast in this way. No sign of the Bremen or of English cruisers was to be detected, and the most interesting part of our mission had to be abandoned. At noon we decided to put into port.

The crew washed themselves from head to foot, and the whole outfit was spic and span. All shaved and cleaned their hands and faces. Golden buttons glistened in the sun, and hat ribbons fluttered gayly. On the stern a new flag was flying, and the flagstaff was painted bright copper. The chief petty officer, Noormann, who never paid any attention to his teeth, suddenly burst out with a new set of false ones. When I mentioned it, he clicked his jaws together and replied with a grin: 'We came over here to show the Americans our teeth, and we might as well give them an eyeful.'

Whether or not we had enough fuel and stores to supply us during the homeward journey, we were now humming into Newport harbor with both motors going. It was clear, bright, sunny weather; the flag fluttered on the stern; while the boat was clean as a whistle inside and out, and its personnel were proud to a man.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we anchored near the flotilla of American destroyers. At once an officer came on board with the compliments of the head of the station. His first question was whether we wished to be interned, to which we laughingly replied that we did

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not. After he had written down a few things in his book, he offered me a boat with an officer which would take me to the Admiral in command of the station, and to the other Admiral, in charge of the fleet anchored there.

I was received in the roomy naval station and my interview with the commander began as follows: 'Where is the Bremen?' he asked. I shrugged my shoulders, and thought: 'So the poor Bremen has not arrived yet. What can have happened to her?'

The interview was formal.

'Do you want to be interned?'

'No.'

'Have you any sick men you wish to leave?'

'No. My crew are all well.'

'Then would you like to make any repairs to your boat?'

'No; the boat is in perfect condition.'

'Well and good. Is there anything special that you want here?'

'I simply wanted to pay you a call.'

A long pause.

'Do you need water, food, or fuel?'

'No, thank you; I am all supplied.'

'That is just as well, for I could not give you any.'

'Why not, Admiral? According to international law, you are pledged to do so if I should ask you.'

Silence. I said good-bye and left. Evidently he was not quite sure what he ought to do, and feared to assume responsibility.

The Admiral on board the cruiser Birmingham was much more friendly, competent, and inclined to coöperate. He asked a lot of questions about the journey, and inquired after his friends in the German Navy, showing me some pictures of them. He then explained that there was now a regulation in the American Navy forbidding drink and allowing only cigarettes. I enjoyed my talk with him very much, and soon went back to my boat again.

Here I found that a great number of naval officers had come on board, and that they were going all over the deck. I treated them to as much port wine as I could spare, and everyone was very much impressed by the performance of the Diesel engines, and asked a lot of questions about our appearance, behavior, and equipment.

More and more boats gathered about us, drawn there by intense curiosity concerning our trip across. It finally reached such a state that I could not prevent a number of ladies from coming on board. That was the signal for everyone to pile on. In a few seconds the deck was so crowded you could not move. People were pressed in tightly on all sides, talking, gesticulating, and breathing with difficulty.

The officers and crew received innumerable invitations to teas, dinners, and dances, but to our great regret we had to refuse all of them. The excitement on the deck increased. The gramophone played, but no one could hear it, with everyone shouting to each other at once. It was impossible to answer any questions, which were being fired at us from all sides.

Soon the Admiral from the Birmingham came to return my call, accompanied by his wife and daughter. I could hardly make my way to him through the crowd on the deck, and the customary official greeting was naturally out of the question. I gave myself the pleasure of showing him over the boat. Until then no one had gone below deck. The Admiral surveyed everything with the greatest interest, and showed a high degree of technical knowledge. After going through all the compartments, we came to where my berth was, and to my writing desk. Since we were on a German warship, I invited the Admiral and the ladies to take a glass of champagne and some pastry that I had brought over with me

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from Europe. His pretty daughter put the cake into her charming little mouth, to my great delight, while her mother, in true American fashion, wrapped hers up in her handkerchief in token of 'remembrance forever.'

When the Admiral and his ladies had left, I clicked a few more glasses with the adjutant of the commander of the naval station in the most friendly way, and, smiling, we shook hands under the German naval flag.

But the affair was becoming ticklish. The commander of the naval station sent an officer over with the request to cut communications with the land. He gave the excuse that the harbor master had not yet given us the freedom of the port. I replied: 'You are mistaken. The harbor master was on board, and quarantine is lifted.'

A long silence. 'Yes, but the station commander wants you to break communications at once.'

This indicated clearly to me what the American conception of neutrality was. In the brief time we had been there, these instructions had come from Washington. Since the purpose of our call was accomplished, and we were forbidden further intercourse, I answered: 'Good. Then will you please help me clear the visitors off the boat?'

In ten minutes we raised anchor, and to the accompaniment of cheers from the American torpedo boat fleet, and excited celebrations along the water front, we sped out of the harbor, waving our caps and cheering. We had spent two and one-half hours in America, and I had passed a quarter of an hour on land.

A splendid yacht glided out beside us, at a distance of only about ten yards. Night was falling, and the moon was full. Greetings and compliments were exchanged. I gave orders to submerge, and we cried out: 'Good luck! *Auf wiedersehen!*'

In forty seconds our boat was no longer to be seen. We had left on the deck a single lifebuoy with 'S. M. U-53' written on it. It floated away alone in the moonlight, our symbol of 'remembrance forever' to the Americans.

Under water, shut off from all human contact, we changed our direction, and when we rose to the surface again ten minutes later we were quite alone.

Going through the boat after dinner to see how the crew had taken their experience, I found everyone in deep slumber. What three long weeks of the sea had not been able to do, the Americans had accomplished in a few hours, and everyone was wearily seeking rest.

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THOSE AMERICANS

BY SHIGETSU SASAKI AND 'Y. O.'

I. A JAPANESE REACTS TO AMERICA [1]

[It has been necessary to condense certain passages of the unique document that forms the first half of this feature.]

Men go naked, shivering with cold and hunger, while women are clad in silk. This is the essence of American civilization. American women in the cities, from fashionable society right down to factory workers, believe that no other material than silk is worthy of them. At the height of summer New York ladies wear light, transparent garments. To protect their snow-white skin they walk under the shadow of tall office buildings.

The scene is laid on a thoroughfare leading to Long Island. A young lady who appears to be about twenty-two or twenty-three years old, though I can hardly say for sure, walks along the street, which she seems to imagine is reserved for her alone. A shower is threatening, and she quickens her pace. As the rain pours down heavily her white silk stockings are drenched and her clothes become wet through.

This reminds me of another sight I witnessed one windy day when a pretty young girl's hat was blown off. Her skirt was caught tightly in a doorway and she could not release it, so a policeman ran up, opened the door, and taking off his coat lifted her in his arms and carried her to a place of safety.

People in Japan probably cannot appreciate why the short skirt is so appalling, so I shall insert an explanation here for their benefit. The first impression American women made on me was that they looked like people on horseback, with their skirts sticking out like a rooster's tail. Twenty years ago when I first visited the United States I noticed that the skirts were growing shorter. At that time only the ankles were visible, but now the legs are exposed as well. When the skirt reached the knee, controversies of a moral nature became frequent. High schools told their students not to wear short skirts, and forbade the teachers wearing them more than six inches from the ground. As for dresses, the most recent type of feminine costume is made so that the wearer thrusts her head in from the bottom and moves her arms up through the garment like a helpless turtle. This may be convenient enough, for their hair is cut close and their dresses are not long anyway. They cut such comical figures that I could hardly repress my laughter. In fact, my sides hurt until I thought they would break.

Though it is second nature to all women, American girls are unusually laborious in their efforts to attract the attention of the opposite sex. What is the object of their efforts? It is simply desire for money. Gold is the religion and life of American girls. American women, who are self-aware, consider

[1] From the *Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo American daily), *September* 12 and 14

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only how much money a man has. It is a great country for women. American girls, however, who want a handsome husband purchase him with their own money, though the object of most women's ambitions in all classes of society is gold.

Women do not, however, make themselves beautiful in order to please their husbands and brothers, who come home from work covered with dirt, dust, and oil. Husbands in New York lead miserable lives. They are never able to get hot soup, because their wives are selfish, inconsiderate, and unkind. These poor fellows are in so pitiful a state that they are obliged to eat cold food off the pantry shelf.

Unlike our Japanese women, American wives are cruel to their husbands. The lazy and worthless type of man who holds that married life is preferable to bachelorhood is content to sip his cold soup, but more determined males are compelled to look sternly on women and live the life of hermits.

Even a boy of sixteen or seventeen is apt to say that he never trusts a woman. On being questioned, he replies that he was asked by a girl to call on her, and when he arrived he found another man there, who knocked his face in for him against the doorway. His girl made fun of him, saying that he was so dull in making love he could never hope to make any money.

I shall say no more about these impertinent American women, whose husbands can scarcely call their shirts their own. Women in the laboring classes wear hats worth two dollars and shoes costing four dollars, though their breakfast consists only of coffee and rolls, for which they pay a dime.

A girl in a typical worker's family has a comfortable fur coat, under which she wears a costume as transparent as a spider's web. She is always complacent and well dressed, while her older brother has only one Sunday suit. She was not clever in school, but has now become smart at business and is getting seventy-five dollars a week in an office, while her brother is employed as a shipping clerk and receives only twenty-five dollars a week. At table the mother serves the food, while the daughter makes conversation. The son plays the part of a cynic, but the father is never heard from. After the meal the boy will jump up from the table, throw down his napkin, and walk out of the door, whistling, with his hands in his pockets. He will then stand in front of the house with other young men of the neighborhood, smoking or playing ball. Suddenly a magnificent motor car appears. His sister walks out of the house dressed like a millionairess and drives away, with the young men looking at her, their eyes popping out of their heads.

Meanwhile her brother throws the ball against the side of the house harder than ever, while newsboys sell evening papers with reports of the London coal strike and arrests of Communists. It seems as if the world were saturated with revolutionary sentiment.

In the morning the mother says: 'Get up and bring in the paper and some milk, and make me my coffee, my good man.' She is such an autocrat that she never does any cooking. They will meet in restaurants for meals; but sometimes the man, when short of funds, is left alone in the house eating whatever he can find.

Here is another example. This man works in a printing office, and his wife is a saleslady in a department store. They have been married for more than three years. She has saved her money, and he has not only had to spend his, but is often forced to borrow from her. Eventually they will divorce each other on the understanding that he pay her one hundred and twenty-five

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dollars a month alimony. This is more advantageous for the man than married life, because bachelorhood is certainly cheaper. He takes cheap rooms, pays his alimony, and spends the rest of his money on the movies.

This man's name is Tom, and he is a friend of mine. He asks me if it is true that the Japanese work at home and that the man can do his job in sight of his wife, while the woman takes care of domestic affairs in view of her husband. I reply that it is perfectly true, and discover that in the United States when the man is at home he listens to the complaints of his wife, while she does her sewing and bawls him out at the same time. Tom is envious and says we have a good system; husbands can see what their wives are doing all the time, and vice versa. I agree with him, and explain that if husbands overhear their wives talking with somebody in the kitchen they can rush in and see who it is. In the same way, when women hear their husbands talking they will rush over to them.

If I am right, the Japanese husband allows his wife to keep his purse. In America it is the other way around. Husbands never let their wives get hold of their money, for fear they will spend it all on new clothes. Japanese women are so devoted to their husbands that they guard their purses with their lives. They are content to live on barely enough to keep them alive.

The only drawback to Japanese married life is that the women there are so glad to have children that we do not know what to do with our excess population. On this account we had better send emigrants to Manchuria and Mongolia, for our country is like a sinking ship. We must be careful lest it be submerged in the depths of the Pacific. In ancient times we compared our land to a floating object that was kept from sinking only by one plank. When Buddhism was first introduced, we spoke of Japan as Nirvana. Was it an ominous name? Is Japan doomed to perish?

If I were at home I might be prosecuted for making this remark, but being in the United States I am free from such apprehension. However, any of my fellow countrymen who have lived here for twenty years cannot fail to realize that Western civilization is almost worthless. It is the civilization of dirty oil, electricity, elevateds, subways, and skyscrapers, of all that is destructive to the moral sense and natural dignity of man. Americans no longer reverence their forefathers, and feel no surge of patriotism within them at the mention of their country's name. Affection toward parents is diminishing, and they are no longer content with married life.

II. THE AMERICAN SLANGUAGE[2]

In the twenty-fourth tract of the Society for Pure English, inserted between 'Notes on Relative Clauses, English Consonants' and 'The Fused Particle,' the contributions of scholars to the fixing of a pure English, there is a short 'Glossary of American Slang,' which Professor Scott says has been compiled for Old World readers of the works of Sinclair Lewis and similar contributions to American literature. What is really needed is a dictionary of the American language. I remember my confusion when an American professor wanted to know my 'slant on the leadership question.' I had not the slightest idea what he meant. I escaped from an exposure of my ignorance by telling him that in a highly evolved community like the United States problems arose to which there was no parallel among primitive

[2] From the *Irish Statesman* (Dublin Independent weekly), *August* 21

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people like the Irish. The word rankled in my memory, and I looked in Professor Scott's glossary, but it was not there, so I assume that 'slant' is not slang but part of the American language, the classical speech used in great universities like that my American professor came from.

That is why, I think, a most useful publication would be an Anglo-American lexicon. I want to keep within hailing distance of American poets like Carl Sandburg and Vachel Lindsay. My friend Dr. Osborn Bergin tells me that many European and Asiatic languages had the same great-great-grandfather, but the children got far away from the parent, and the grandchildren still farther away, with the result that the great-great-grandchildren are as unintelligible to each other as Gaelic is to the Sassenach. I fear that unless I have an Anglo-American lexicon the American language will reel away even in my lifetime, in spite of the contributions to my American scholarship received from occasional visits to the cinema, through which medium Hollywood showers American idiom over the entire planet, and educates us in what is going to be the world language.

The slang of to-day may be classical speech to-morrow. I am told that the French language has become so perfect that it is pallid or near death. It is impossible for a writer to find new and fresh combinations of words, and the younger French writers are deliberately filling their pages with slang, trying to reanimate the language with new and vivid phrases, just as a tired-out man might take a stiff glass of whiskey. Will enough of American speech come across the Atlantic to revive the dying English language? I was astonished to find how many words and phrases in Professor Scott's glossary were already familiar to me. I thought they were good Anglo-Irish, but as the Professor, a scholar making a contribution to a scholarly tractate, says they are American, I can only suppose some of our exiles revisiting Ireland picked up enough American to dazzle their countrymen, and the American phrases became popular as American dollars. If Seosamh O'Neill is not careful he will find Irish people in another generation speaking neither Gaelic nor English, but American.

What is slang? The scholar's definition is, 'the misuse or dislocation of the serviceable right meaning of ordinary words.' That definition looks too much to the past and does not think enough of the future or its needs. Languages must grow and feed like children or they will die. Gaelic will die if it does not take in some thousands of new words expressive of things Geoffrey Keating never heard of. Slang makes important contributions to a language, and I think the best slang is invented by quick-witted if not very reverent young people who baptize some absurdity with a word, or find new and expressive names for things. I remember hearing a small child who was stroking the tail of a cat refer to it solemnly as its 'tassel.' The likeness between things suggested a new word for the tail. I was not so satisfied when it stroked my head and said, 'Poor Pussy.' But it was much the same perception of likeness as that which gives birth to the American slang 'fluff' for foolish talk.

Imagination, wit, irony — all have share in the creation of slang. How expressive is 'lounge lizard' for the man who basks on a sofa, or a 'never-wuzzer' for one who never succeeds! I found in Professor Scott's glossary the word 'blurb,' which invention moves the editor of the tract to cry out, 'Admirable! Indispensable!' 'Blurb' is a term applied to frothy announce-

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ments or overlaudatory praise on the covers of newly published books. I do not know whether this word was created out of nothing, like the universe, or whether it had an ancestry and evolved from some remote Aryan original to its present exquisite fitness. It is impossible to imagine a word for the purpose in which sound would better fit the sense. There is something devastating about it, and if publishers had any literary sense, which they rarely have, from the moment they met the word and knew it expressed the mood of a continent about their own puffs of their own books they would never 'blurb' any more, and the word might then die an honorable death, yielding up its life at the moment it killed its enemy.

'Lid' for hat and 'dome' for head are like the child's 'tassel' for tail. They arise out of some association of ideas. But other slang phrases indicate all the energy of a young race. A man does not get in a rage; he 'throws a fit.' He does not retire to his couch; he 'hits the hay.' The speed at which these people live might be inferred from the fact that a man does not arrive; he 'hits the town.' Perhaps the phrase, 'Throw in a drink,' might explain the necessity for prohibition. It does indicate an unbridled appetite against which legislation might be necessary.

America is full of sentimentalists and idealists, and this gives opportunity to the irreverent maker of slang. How devastating to the sentimentalist is the definition 'sob-stuff.' And the migration of poets like Ezra Pound to Europe might be explained as a fleeing from people who might hurt his feelings by saying, 'This highbrow stuff is where I get off.' 'Bone' is American for 'dollar,' but I cannot understand after that why a stupid person is called a 'bonehead,' because the accumulation of dollars has always seemed to me to require considerable intelligence. I think 'fan,' the slang for an enthusiast, a good word; and I applaud the skill in phrase-making which invented 'big stiff' for a pompous person, and 'fussed up' for 'overdressed.' The word 'fussing' may have some affinity with this. It means paying overattention to women.

There is a rich series of slang words invented in restraint of love-making, such as 'necking,' which is the equivalent of our 'spooning' or 'doing the lovey-dovey.' My Old World sensibilities are hurt by such words. But I understand the impatience which cries out 'Shoot!' to the person who has something on his mind which he takes a long time to say. If you allow anybody to get ahead of you you 'take his dust,' a thing which must be repugnant to a people whose ideal is to progress from log cabin to White House.

I found in this glossary the interpretation of a number of words which were hitherto like Chinese to me. 'Yep' is the equivalent of 'Yes,' though why the transformation took place I cannot see, unless young America simply felt that 'yes' had had a long enough innings and it was time for a new word. But I did not find the meaning of words which surely cannot be slang, seeing they are used in serious American writing. I find a critic referring to a new book as 'snootly poetic.' My glossary throws no light on 'snootly'; nor does it explain the word I have italicized in this sentence: 'He set himself *doly* doggedly to endure.' These might be noble words. They are not in my English dictionary. They ought to be in an Anglo-American dictionary, for they are used by highly educated men, and not as slang. Could they have had an origin as slang, and did they survive long enough to take their place in classic speech?

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And this leads me to speculate that those who invent slang serve a useful purpose. New words and phrases are tested. If the intuition of hundreds of thousands accepts them and retains them, then they are passed gradually into the association with ancient aristocratic words and they blend with the classic languages as the daughter of a wealthy parvenu might marry into the peerage.

One speculates on the future of certain words — 'boss,' for example. I remember it as a child. It must be now at least fifty years old. If it survives for another fifty, will its ancient ill-bred associations have fallen away from it? Will it be purified and ready for the use of the poet who may without offending us sing of some Cæsar as the 'laureled boss,' or may we imagine it becoming so refined that in our churches where our great-grandchildren worship they will hear prayers addressed to a 'most mighty and most merciful Boss'?

I get frightened at these speculations. I will indulge in them no further. I only make a last appeal for an Anglo-American lexicon.

THE FORGE

BY Æ

[Irish State man]

THE cold white wind blows over
Bent tree, bare heath and stones:
Through a hide lean and tattered
The earth juts up her bones.

Yet to this hungry country
Men came and wrought and died:
The earth was the dark lover
Who drew them to her side.

Here in her secret forges
Grows stern through storm and cold
The will for the world masters
Of æons yet unrolled.

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DRAMATIST AND CRITIC[1]

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY AND ST. JOHN ERVINE

[THE first of these letters was written by Mr. Galsworthy in reply to St. John Ervine's review of *Escape*, which was reprinted in the *Living Age* of September 25. The second is Mr. Ervine's reply.]

MY DEAR ERVINE, —

I see you have a column in the *Observer* this morning on certain points in my play, *Escape*. I feel that, having no doubt a just mind, you will like to hear what I have to say. You wrote originally what was in the main a delightful notice of my play, for which I was duly grateful, but in it occurred a very serious charge: —

> It seemed to me, too, that Mr. Galsworthy was up to his old trick of loading the dice against the respectable and the law. . . . The law is made to appear wrong. . . . Mr. Galsworthy has always seemed to be holding the balance justly, when, in fact, he is holding it in as prejudicial a manner as he knows how. The legend of his impartiality is pure nonsense; he is one of the least impartial men of letters, and, like all humanitarians, can be remarkably unscrupulous for his propaganda purposes.

Let me preface my remarks by going back to *Justice*. When I wrote *Justice* I sent the facts to my lawyer and begged him to ask a distinguished barrister what he thought Falder would get. The barrister was very distinguished — he was also a recorder, so he knew something of judgments. He replied, 'Five years' penal servitude.' I gave Falder three. I forget whether you are among the never-ceasing who think this, too, was a manufactured and so-called hard case with the dice loaded against the law. The play also went to Sir George Lewis for his judgment, and he passed it as it now stands. What more could one have done? The barrister is — I regret to say — dead now, but he was a really good man, and he was confirmed by my own solicitor and Sir George.

Let me now come to *Escape*. Though you seem unable to believe it, it is quite true that this play is a story, and not an indictment of society. Only the author can know the mood in which it was written (that — as an author of attainment yourself — you will admit). That it provokes thought and feeling and sympathies, this way and that, is incidental to the situations and types chosen and developed. I have no convictions as to what I myself should do if I met an escaped convict, so that I cannot even desire to instruct other people.

Now, it has apparently been suggested, if not by you, that Matt Denant is given an unnatural sentence in order that the play might be written. Well, first, there is no reason in the world why I should give him five years (which means under four if a man behaves) if I did n't think he would get it. Three — the least possible sentence of penal servitude — would have served my purpose equally well; or I could have given him eighteen months, or even less, in a

[1] From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper), *September* 25 and *October* 3

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local prison, and the play would have taken no harm. Perhaps those who think that I load the dice against the law will look at page 641 of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Volume 13, on 'Homicide.' The last line, 'An intent to resist an officer of police in the execution of his duty,' equals 'malice aforethought' in law, and therefore, *technically*, Matt's offense is murder. He is only saved by 'the exercise of the jury of their powers to convict of manslaughter only even in cases where they are directed that the offense is murder or nothing' (page 642).

In my very considered judgment (of course, I may have misjudged), Matt might be considered fairly lucky that the jury took that view. And, in my honest opinion, many judges would consider him *too* lucky unless they gave a pretty stiff sentence. In other words, as often happens, the judge would dwell, more heavily than the jury, on the technical side of the matter, and also on the danger to the public of allowing officers of the law to be killed (even though the actual cause of death was the Row rail) while in the execution of their duty. In sum, *without the least intention of hitting at the law, I gave Matt the sentence I thought he would probably get.* I may have been wrong — it 's one of those cases where you can't possibly tell for certain; but if I was wrong, I was *honestly* wrong, and not 'unscrupulously' so for the purpose of exciting pity or of creating a situation. I think these are fairly typical instances of my so-called loading of the dice, and all I can say is that my conscience is perfectly clear on them. I do *not* load my dice.

There was another little point in your original critique: you suggested that I was stretching probability unfairly in order to create sympathy for Matt, because I did n't let the trippers offer him tea. Forgive me, but trippers of that kind, who have, by the way, finished their tea, would never dream of offering a strolling fisherman with 'a sniffy way of talking' — in other words, a gentleman — refreshment. It would enter their heads as little as it entered my head that they would do so, and one simply can't reject unscrupulously what does n't come into one's head. This is England, and we do not offer refreshments to strangers when we have no indication that they are hungry or thirsty. For all the trippers knew he might just have had his tea. Moreover, I am quite unable to see that their not offering him tea could have any effect whatever on his chances of escape. In fact, I rubbed my eyes when I read that paragraph about the trippers.

But to come to the main point of your second article, that Matt would never have resisted the 'plain clothes' man, and that by making him do so I was perverting human nature for the purpose of founding my play. If you will kindly refresh your memory by a glance at the script, page 16, you will see that Matt does not begin the struggle; he merely lays his hand on the officer's arm, who then seizes him. Matt breaks away, and the attack is entirely that of the irritated officer against Matt, just as entirely as this is the attack of yourself against the unfortunate dramatist who is now defending himself. I suggest that a man who has escaped from Germany and who escapes from Dartmoor is not one who takes things lying down, and that there is no perversion whatever of human nature in the scene as described and acted. I even go so far as not to lie down myself, but to suggest that yours is the perversion of my human nature when you say that I do these unscrupulous things with my characters for propaganda purposes or to ring the bell of pity. There was a play called *The Playboy of the Western World*,

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wherein a son, if you remember, 'destroys his da' before the curtain rises; there was a play called *Hamlet*, where a man destroys his brother before the curtain rises. How arbitrary are these deeds on which to found plays! You would never have thought that Christy Mahon or the King (as afterward depicted) could do such things. I take it you have swallowed those camels, but you strain at this gnat.

I have plenty of faults as a dramatist, and can digest criticism of them as well, I hope, as most people; I can even be grateful to critics for the just-and-nasty as well as the nice things they say. But when one's conscience is clear one's human nature, always so imperfect, rebuts a serious charge, however well meant.

Very sincerely yours,
JOHN GALSWORTHY

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY, —

The greater part of your letter to me is a reply, not to anything that I wrote about *Escape*, but to something written by a critic, unknown to me, who was quoted in *Time and Tide* by Miss Christopher St. John. He, apparently, questioned the length of the sentence inflicted upon Denant, but your reply finally settles his point. I certainly believe that you load the dice against the respectable and the law, and that you share with all humanitarians a tendency to be unscrupulous for propaganda purposes. I hope my readers realize — you certainly ought to, for we have argued on this very point before — that I do not believe you willfully misstate facts in order that you may make a case. But you have a very human bias in favor of facts that assist your argument, and are less strenuous in your search for those that upset it than is desirable in an author with so wide a reputation for impartial judgment. That is why the ordinary man has continually to be on his guard against the man of genius. The latter has an axe to grind, and is determined to get it ground. Nine times out of ten he is also determined to make the ordinary man grind it for him. It will probably be ground anyhow, but the ordinary man is entitled to resist the effort to make him grind it until he has convinced himself of its worth.

In this very play, *Escape*, there are four episodes where, it seems to me, you load the dice against the law and the respectable. The detective in the prologue is made to seem arbitrary and unjust, although he is doing no more than the authorities employ him to do — namely, to see that Hyde Park is not infested with prostitutes; the warders in the second episode are made to toss a coin for the privilege of man-handling Matt when he is recaptured; the picnickers in the fifth episode are drawn as hard and unsympathetic types, and are forcibly prevented by you — I use that word forcibly in a sense that any writer will understand — from offering a cup of tea to a man who has just presented them with a useful catch of fish; and, in the penultimate scene, the 'respectable' or religious woman is shown to be a hard, ungracious, totally unsympathetic person, whereas her irreligious, liberal-minded sister is shown to be kind, considerate, and full of understanding. I might add another indictment — that you make all the working and lower-middle class people unsympathetic and even brutal in their attitude to Matt, whereas nearly all the better-off people are sympathetic and generous to him; but there is a case for you in that respect.

Let me take the case of the picnickers. I asserted that you had unfairly stretched probability in order to create sympathy for Matt by making them neglect to offer tea to him. You

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reply that 'trippers of that kind, who have, by the way, finished their tea, would never dream of offering a strolling fisherman with a "sniffy way of talking" — in other words, a gentleman — refreshment.' I utterly deny this. To begin with, the picnickers have not finished their tea when Denant comes upon them. The stage direction at the opening of the episode is, '*They are all eating heavily.*' Matt comes upon them a few moments after the episode begins. Midway between the opening of the scene and the appearance of Matt, the shopkeeper's wife says to her acidulated sister, ''Ave another of these cut rounds, Dolly, and cheer up.' It is not until Matt has presented the trout to them and been in their company for what, on the stage, is some time that any hint is given of the meal having ended. It seems to me that average, decent people, addressed by a stranger who seems to have lost his way in a desolate place and has just presented them with eight moor trout, would certainly have said, 'Won't you have a cup of tea?' or, if the meal were at an end, 'I'm sorry the tea's all gone, but mebbe you'd like a piece of bread and butter. I expect you're hungry after your day in the air!' There would, I think, have been some show of hospitality from them. I am astonished by your statement that 'trippers of that kind would never dream of offering refreshment to a strolling fisherman' because he was a gentleman! To a *strolling* fisherman, pausing for a moment, perhaps not; but this fisherman had spoken to them for some time, and had given them his catch. My experience of 'trippers of that kind' leads me to an exactly opposite opinion from yours. Many of them are embarrassingly hospitable. It may be that I have not got 'a sniffy way of talking' and am not recognizably a gentleman, but I have been offered hospitality near Dartmoor, round about Okehampton, by 'trippers of that kind' when I was no more than a passer-by. I have taken long, solitary walks in many parts of this island, and I have frequently been offered refreshment by 'trippers of that kind,' though never by people with 'a sniffy way of talking.' Working people on long railway journeys are extraordinarily generous with their food supplies to travelers who seem not to have brought food with them. If you have never experienced or enjoyed any of that hospitality you must have lived more remotely from common facts than I should have thought was possible.

You say you cannot see that the neglect to offer tea to Denant had any effect whatever on his chances of escape. Surely it is obvious that the hungry man became an object of suspicion to the picnickers when the acidulated sister saw him pocketing scraps of food. That suspicion was, of course, confirmed when Denant went off with the Ford. But if there had been an offer of hospitality might there not also have been an offer of a lift in the car? I think there probably would. Denant's capture became certain from the moment he took that Ford. The picnickers' telephone message put the policeman of the sixth episode on his track, and an hour and a half after he had taken the car he was recaptured. The picnic party, in fact, is the turning point of the play. Up to the time when Denant encountered the picnickers he had a small chance of escape, but from the time when he stole the scraps of food and the Ford he ceased to have it. And, in my judgment, he lost it because you forcibly prevented the shopkeeper's wife from doing what the nature of the woman would certainly have made her do — offer him hospitality. I feel so convinced that she would have invited him to take a cup of tea that when I visualize the scene

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I can see the woman struggling against you to say the kindly words that her class nearly always say in such circumstances. If you had allowed 'trippers of that kind' to behave as I assure you, from a fairly wide experience of them, they generally do, your play might have had a different ending. Denant *might* have escaped. But you were determined to put him back into prison, and you *contrived* his capture when you should have allowed it to come about naturally, if it had to come about at all, or have let his destiny be settled for him by the natural process of events. You may remember that when I argued with you about the end of *The Fugitive*, which I still believe to be the untrue end, I called you a Willful Determinist. 'He seems,' I wrote of you in *Some Impressions of My Elders*, 'to have made up his mind that his characters shall become the victims of circumstances in defiance of the facts and the natures with which he has created them. He deliberately ties their hands behind their backs, and then exclaims, "These are the victims of adverse circumstances!" And, indeed, they are, but the circumstances have been artificially created by Mr. Galsworthy and not by any force that governs the universe.'

We differ, it seems, about the main point of my second article on *Escape*. I said that Denant would never have resisted the plain clothes man, and I asserted that by making him do so you were stretching probabilities for the purpose of founding your play. You invite me to refresh my memory by a glance at the printed play, where, on page 16, you say, I shall see 'that Matt does not begin the struggle. He merely lays his hand on the officer's arm, who then seizes him. Matt breaks away, and the attack is entirely that of the irritated officer against Matt.' Forgive me if I say that that is not an accurate account of the situation. Lest I should be accused of impertinence in telling an author that he does not know the facts of his own play, I shall quote the whole of the passage relating to the arrest of the prostitute and the accidental death of the detective. The girl has just been arrested for soliciting in the Park. Matt assures the detective that she did not annoy him. The detective, who is trying to hold the struggling girl, replies that he has seen her three nights in succession soliciting men. He seems to anticipate trouble, for he puts his whistle in his mouth. Then follows this passage: —

MATT. It 's a rotten shame! Drop that girl's arm!

(*He lays his hand on the* PLAIN CLOTHES MAN'S *arm. The* PLAIN CLOTHES MAN *blows his whistle, drops the* GIRL'S *arm, and seizes* MATT.)

MATT (*breaking from him; to the* GIRL). Run for it.

GIRL. Oh, no — don't fight! The police have got it on you all the time. I 'll go with him.

MATT (*with fists up, keeping the* PLAIN CLOTHES MAN *at arm's length*). Run, I tell you. He 'll have his work cut out with me.

(*But the* PLAIN CLOTHES MAN *is spryer than he thinks, runs in and catches him round the body.*)

GIRL. Oh! Oh!

MATT. No, you don't!

(*In the violent struggle the* PLAIN CLOTHES MAN'S *bowler hat falls off.* MATT *emerges at arm's length again, squaring up.*)

MATT. Come on, then, if you will have it!

(*The* PLAIN CLOTHES MAN *rushes in. He gets* MATT'S *right straight from the shoulder on the point of the jaw, topples back, and goes down like a log.*)

Was the detective not warranted in his belief that Denant might attempt to rescue the girl from arrest by assaulting him? What would you, if you were a policeman, imagine was about to happen if, after you had arrested a prosti-

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tute, the man whom you had caught her accosting interfered with you, angrily ordered you to 'drop her arm,' and took hold of yours? I think you would conclude that you were in for a 'rough-house.' The detective seemed to think so, for he whistled for help. When he turned to arrest Denant, Denant broke away from him, called to the girl to clear off, and 'squared-up' to him. Do you seriously suggest that all this does not, both in law and in fact, prove that Denant began the struggle and attacked an officer in the execution of his duty? If anything is palpable from your script, it is that Denant attacked the detective, incited a prisoner to break her arrest, endeavored to evade his own arrest, and finally assaulted the detective so violently that the man was accidentally killed.

I cannot believe that Denant, with his upbringing, education, tradition, and training, would have interfered with the detective in the way he did. In addition to having been educated at Harcheston and, I gather, Oxford, he served as an officer in the war. Would an officer, trained in discipline, have behaved as you make Denant behave to a detective engaged in doing his job? Not unless he was very drunk or so hot-headed that he was irresponsible. But you give us proof after proof in the play that Denant is a man of cool nerve, steady decision, and strong self-control. I do not see the relevance of your references to *Hamlet* and *The Playboy of the Western World*. The preliminaries of both these plays are perfectly plausible.

All this argument about *Escape* weeks after its first performance is, of course, irrefutable evidence of its interest, and I am glad to hear that the play is drawing crowds to each of its performances at the Ambassadors. But I am more delighted to learn that *Escape* is not, after all, to be your last play.

Yours very sincerely,

ST. JOHN ERVINE

CHINESE BRIGANDS[1]

BY MRS. MALCOLM KING

IN the first 'Great Heat,' as the Chinese term that period of the summer, I found myself steaming into the little treaty port of Ichang on my way up the Yangtze, through the great gorges, to the rock city of Chungking. These rugged gorges extend for five hundred miles through the brigand-haunted provinces of Hupeh and Szechwan, and their wild, rocky sides only begin to fall away into low-peaked hills as the waters widen and Chungking comes in sight.

This treaty port of Ichang, which stands at the head of the lower river, is a thousand miles from the sea, and is of considerable trade importance, being the channel through which passes all the silk and oil trade of Szechwan, perhaps the richest province in China. It is also a hotbed of illicit opium smuggling, and the streets are in conse-

[1] From the *English Review* (London Conservative monthly), *October*

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quence usually full of ragged soldiers, who take to looting everything that they can lay hands on if they are kept more than eight or nine months in arrears with their pay.

Here I discovered that there were no Upper River boats due for several days, but thanks to a British oil company I was offered a free passage in their small tanker; and accordingly, about 5 A.M. next morning, before the sun had driven away the pearly mists, we slipped into midstream, and very soon had left the sleeping river world of Ichang behind, and were swallowed up in the narrow portals of the first gorge.

The trip passed without any of the exciting incidents of my previous journeys, and in an ominous quiet, and a strange absence of junk traffic, we steamed past the danger zones without sighting a brigand and without a shot being fired. At Wanhsien, however, where we anchored for the second night, we learned that the Chinese had cut the telegraph wires, and that consequently the message to the Consul at Chungking announcing the day of my arrival had not got through. This was awkward, especially as on the fifth morning, when we reached the oil installation, nine miles below the city, I discovered that the tanker unloaded her oil there, and did not go on to Chungking as I had expected. However, after a good deal of delay the difficulty was overcome by the manager lending me his chair, collecting seven coolies, and sending me up the last few miles in his launch.

Chungking breasts the swirling waters of the Yangtze like some ancient galleon. It is impossible to describe the strange fascination and desolate splendor of this city built on a rock, rising as it does almost sheer out of the river. Right down its gray sides cling a thousand mat huts supported in front by stiltlike poles; and flights of steps — between three and four hundred — lead up to the first narrow shelf of rock, which does duty for a street. The river frontage is lined with junks and sampans, and in order to land one has to cling to anything that comes handy, and clamber over sometimes a dozen boats to reach the steps which form the main arteries of the city. From the landing place on the opposite side of the river I could see an endless mass of moving figures winding ceaselessly up and down with their burdens — looking across the wide waters like ants laboriously working out their allotted tasks.

Three of the coolies having slung my luggage to their poles, I settled into my chair, and was raised on to the shoulders of the remaining four. They padded up the steep mud bank, their bare feet swift and sure, and then entered the village that meandered up the base of the hills. There was more room here than in the cramped city across the river, and the dark mat-roofed streets, lined with shops full of smoking foods, were unusually wide. Ponies, mostly ridden by soldiers, clattered up and down the frequent flights of steps, careless of itinerant peddlers beating their gongs, of professional ear-cleaners and barbers, who ply their trade in public, and the children who swarm in every Chinese village. Soldiers were everywhere — they lay asleep in rows on bare tables, or sat chattering in the tea houses, shoveling rice into their mouths from tiny bowls.

In the midst of this verminous medley of humanity we suddenly came upon the figure of a woman, standing alone, like an exquisite jewel against her filthy surroundings. She was neatly clothed in the old Chinese fashion of pink silk bodice and black trousers, her delicate little head of glistening black hair was dressed with seed-pearl

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pins, and her tapering fingers were stained with vermilion at the tips. She may have been the wife, or more likely a concubine, of one of the Chinese generals who had his quarters in the town.

It was not long before we emerged from the dark, alleyed street, hot with swarms of people, into the open air, and began to wind along a narrow paved path that led up to the first range of hills. On the slopes were scattered groves of cypress trees marking where the honored scholars were laid to rest, while hundreds of tiny mounds told where the poor were buried. As we mounted above the leaden humidity of the river, the air grew fresh and sweet, and the long shadows of late afternoon were spreading in the wooded hollows. It was delicious to swing through the air to the smooth glide of the chair, to dip into dark groves of pines, and then to wind up among the feathery bamboos, often catching a glimpse of the river, now burnished gold by the setting sun.

Up and up we climbed, until the gray crags that had looked so far ahead were actually under the coolies' feet, and we had entered a small hamlet that lay on the crest of the first range, commanding a view over both valleys. It also was occupied by an army, and I noticed that the soldiers were wearing the same blue tabs on their arms as those we had passed in the town below. A sentry stopped my chair, but one of the coolies said something in Chinese and I was allowed to pass into the evil-smelling, mat-covered street. It was packed with well-armed men, and I did not quite like the way my chair coolies had to push their way among the ragged soldiers, who handled their rifles none too carefully. But we got through safely, and by the help of a hastily lit cigarette I soon forgot the awful stench and intimate, but not pleasant, sights I had unwillingly seen.

Down the narrow flagged path we went, into the lovely green valley, and then up again toward the peaks of the second range. Halfway up the coolies stopped and set down my chair, and I gathered that it was a halt for rest. Emerging again from under the dark foliage on to the open hills, I noticed with some concern that the valley below was now all in shadow, and that it would not be long before darkness descended. Then the worst happened — we lost the way; but at last we stumbled upon a tiny pathway, and soon after rounding a sharp bend came upon the back premises of a small building. Jumping out of my chair, I burst unceremoniously into a dimly lit room, where a missionary and his family were supping. They were very kind, and sent one of their servants with a lantern to show my chair-bearers the way, and we eventually arrived at the little white moonlit bungalow belonging to my friends.

All was in darkness; but a bang or two on the door brought the 'number one' boy, and, fortunately, he knew me and let me in. For an hour I sat alone by the light of one candle, in a stillness and quiet so intense that it could almost be felt, till I heard steps and English voices outside, and rushed joyfully to meet my surprised hosts.

On waking next morning I rose and strolled on to the verandah that ran round three sides of the house, anxious to see by daylight where it lay. I found it was perched on the top of a crag, the rock and earth falling away on all sides; on one hand a narrow canyon separated us from the second range of hills, while on another the windows overlooked a glorious sweeping valley, stretching away for miles to a bend of the Yangtze far down the gorge. The river shone like silver, and the blue hills surrounding it rose faintly against a white, luminous sky.

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For a few days nothing unusual happened, though wild rumors had been flying about for some time that three armies were mustering on the frontier of the next province, Honan, preparatory to marching on Chungking. We explored the lovely hills in the cool of the evenings, played tennis at the few bungalows perched on the second range, and dined in one or other of them at night.

But one night soon the trouble came. Under cover of darkness an army from the interior had silently streamed up the Kwei Jo road, which stretched away into Honan, and daylight found it installed on the ridge of the first range, between us and the city. It had all happened so quickly that I and my hostess found ourselves alone in the bungalow, completely cut off, the river traffic across to Chungking being perforce suspended and the city under siege. All day we could hear the intermittent rattle of the machine guns, and as news slowly filtered through we learned that the besieging army under General Chou had taken up its quarters in the little hamlet through which I had passed on my journey up the hills. The troops I had seen there had apparently fled down to the river at the first alarm and had crossed in a fleet of sampans to the comparative safety of the city. From there they retaliated, the base of the rock being posted with snipers, who picked off anyone rash enough to come into the open or attempting to get down the mud bank to the river.

On the second day of the siege two adventurous men, cut off like ourselves from the city, decided to go down in their chairs and call on the General, to discover if possible his intentions. He received them with great courtesy, apologizing for the presence of his army, and promising to give strict orders to his soldiers not to disturb or harm any foreigners in the bungalows around. Our friends described him as a good-looking man of about twenty-four, wearing a light blue uniform and patent leather pumps. He was very friendly, and affected what he imagined to be an easy foreign manner by putting his strangely clad feet on the table while he chatted through the medium of an interpreter. Before they left he insisted that his visitors should watch a machine gun, of which he was very proud, firing off a few rounds in the general direction of the city.

After the first days of rumors and excitement, life in the hills resumed its normal course, and undisturbed by intermittent firing we played our evening tennis and visited our friends behind the lines. On the fourth day of the siege things began to be more serious, for our supplies were running dangerously low, and the last bag of flour had been pooled. So again a deputation went across the valley and arranged with the friendly General that, if his rival in the city would agree, firing should cease on both sides for two hours while a few foreigners crossed the river to collect mails and bring back some badly needed provisions. This was arranged, and so well were the orders carried out that not a single rifle shot cracked across the deserted river, and the launch returned in safety. We were very much relieved to get word that the Consul was quite safe, — though a shell had found its way among the tangle of flowers in his garden, — and that there was plenty of food to be obtained.

For the next three days it became the custom of some of us to go down through the village where the attacking army was quartered, and under cover of the wall creep into the little Club right below on the river bank and watch the firing. It was foolish, and unfair to the Chinese in case someone had been

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killed, but we were lucky and no one was hit. The poles of one chair were grazed by a bullet, and all the windows of the Club were smashed, but this only added to the excitement and gave an extra flavor to the drinks.

The siege lasted for a week, and we soon discovered that under cover of his machine gun our debonair friend was looting the Mint. Behind the line of fire, coolies and soldiers could be seen day after day with loaded ponies journeying to and fro, rifling the Mint of its copper cash — an occupation more congenial to the brigand soldiers than fighting.

After seven days the investing army disappeared as quickly and mysteriously as it had come, and the river traffic spread once more like a swarm of flies across to the city. The villager and the coolie no longer went in dread of the *lafoo*, and our servants could cross to the city to shop without danger of a rope being thrown round their shoulders. For the *lafoo* is the rope of compulsion, and is used by the armies to impress labor without payment. Sometimes, when their ranks are thin, they put these miserable prisoners into ragged uniforms and place in their unwilling hands rifles which they have not the slightest idea how to use. When there is no further need for them they are just left by the wayside, often far from home, without money or food.

Next day we were returning along the top of the second range, after a swim in a cool green lake, when we came suddenly upon a strange and picturesque sight. Right along the Kwei Jo road, winding across the valley almost to our feet, straggled a long blue line. It was the city troops pursuing the retreating forces. Along the flagged path the ragged army streamed, hot and weary, sheltering under their orange umbrellas, burned to a brilliant flame by the rays of the setting sun. I sat down a few yards from the road and watched this absurd procession, humor and pathos struggling for mastery. Although most of their uniforms were mere rags tied up with string, the rank and file were well supplied with ammunition, and each man carried an umbrella, a rifle, and a fan, as part of his regulation outfit. Except the officers, who rode on ponies, none of them wore shoes, and very few boasted hats; they looked half starved, and very different from the bold-looking soldiers of the bandit army.

After a fortnight of peace, rumors crept along the hills that General Chou was hiding somewhere near in preparation for another attack on Chungking. These rumors were colored by the fact that the tea house at the crossroads was filled with city troops and pickets placed at vantage spots along the range. Even the little Mission church had been annexed, and a crowd of dirty soldiers slept there at night and gambled by daylight, all the time keeping a wary eye on the path running like a white ribbon into the next province. Every night before going to bed we used to stroll out to search the darkness for stray lanterns moving in the valley below, but the only light was from fireflies, and the only sound the barking of frogs.

As so often happens, the obvious did not occur, and trouble appeared from an entirely unexpected quarter. It was a hot, moonless night, and we were due to dine at one of the neighboring bungalows, so, taking sticks and a *chin ping* to carry a lantern, we started off. Up and down the tiny path meandered on the top of the range, dipping through thick pine woods and undergrowth, and never once breaking cover and emerging under the open sky. Feathery bamboos brushed our faces as we stumbled along by the patchy

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light of the lantern, and there was no sound to be heard even from the usually noisy crickets. At length we arrived, and were not sorry to sink into comfortable chairs and sip the refreshingly iced cocktails.

After dinner we wandered out on the verandah and settled down to play bridge in the mosquito-netted enclosure such as is attached to every bungalow. Presently I became conscious of a faint noise coming up from the blackness of the valley, but at first did not take much notice, thinking it to be the sound of firecrackers lit by some villager to keep the devils away. But very soon I became acutely conscious that it was nothing more or less than firing, mingled with the dull roar of a mass of men coming gradually nearer. Strangely enough, no one said a word, each determined not to be the first to give the alarm, and we continued our game as if nothing were happening, stupidly sitting exposed in the concentrated glare of two oil lamps. The roar pressed closer, and still we sat shouting our declarations above the now tremendous noise—absurdly British in an extremely un-British setting. It was, of course, the bandit army passing along the little path that lay twenty yards below where we sat.

Suddenly the sharp ping of a bullet fired from the back of the bungalow whistled past the mosquito netting, and we guessed that one of the pickets had slipped down from the rock above and was utilizing our walls as a cover from which to fire down on the advancing enemy. This at last forced us to abandon our pretense of a game, and retreating into the living-room we sat on the table, looking out of the open windows, thoroughly enjoying the danger and excitement. The noise of firing and shouting was terrific, and it was a curious sensation to know that we could be seen by, yet could not ourselves see, the army that was pouring past.

For half an hour pandemonium raged, then suddenly ceased as the last of the soldiers scrambled over the top of the range and began to trail down the opposite valley toward their old quarters on the outer hills. So completely did the rocks cut off all sound of the disappearing army that the silence that followed was intense — no one spoke — until the liquid notes of a flute broke out into the night like a shower of silver bells. Where the music came from we could not tell, but it was strange and sweet after the tortured clamor, and seemed to be a message saying that all was well and that we could go safely home to bed. At any rate, we said 'Good night,' and started along the footpath that the soldiers had just taken, branching off into the woods to our bungalow.

Next day we heard that others had not fared so well, for some of the houses had been stormed and food and clothes taken, while two had been used as positions from which to fire down on the city outposts. Luckily only one foreigner had been hurt by a bullet, which had hit the woodwork of his lighted doorway, sending a splinter into his eye. Only in one place, too, had the opposing forces come to grips, and that was probably merely by accident, as the Chinese, in spite of their supposed bloodthirsty character, are not a fighting race. This 'scrap' occurred on a tennis court on which we frequently played, and was watched from above with much interest by the owner and his family. After a few wild shots, a scuffle or two, and no loss of life, the battle was over, and the blue-banded soldiers were allowed to escape down the hills.

This second siege happened during the week-end, so that the Consul and the few men who lived in Chungking

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during the week were with us, and were only too glad of the excuse to stay away from the intolerably hot and fetid city. We had many parties, therefore, and tennis, and the presence of danger only added a keener edge to our enjoyment. There was serious talk of the city falling this time, but in reality everyone knew that it was only a question of bribery. The generals regularly threw in their lot with the side that paid the best, and our brigand friend himself had only two months before been attached to the Northern army, which was now holding Chungking. He soon turned traitor, however, and used against the city the arms that Wu Pei-fu had given him, retiring afterward to the stronghold of the hills.

We were awakened the morning after our disturbed bridge party by repeated knocks at the door, and as the servants did not appear to hear, or were frightened, the Consul in his pyjamas went to find out who it was. A young Chinese officer stood on the verandah, and explained with many apologies that he had been sent by General Chou to inform us that he was once more in his old quarters besieging the city, but that he had instructed his soldiers to inconvenience us as little as possible. With that he bowed again, and jumping on his pony galloped out of sight.

Later in the day the Consul and the captain of a British gunboat who was staying with us put on their uniforms and paid a formal call on the rebel chief. At the entrance of the dark, evil-smelling village they were stopped by an officer with an armed guard, but on their explaining in Chinese that they had come to pay their respects to the General they were conducted through the narrow streets to his quarters. The chair coolies had to push their way through a seething mass of soldiers, with rifles pointed dangerously in all directions, but finally the visitors arrived safely, to find the General surrounded, in great state, by his staff. One could hardly call it a room, as it had only three sides, the fourth being open to the street, and the only furniture it contained was a wooden table, two chairs, and a bench.

The General was apparently delighted to see them, and asked a lot of amusing questions, evidently deeply curious as to foreign ways. He had none of the social stiffness of the educated Chinese, and it was therefore possible to get a better idea of his character as a man. Although unwashed, his delicately cut features and exquisite long fingers gave him the appearance of fine quality that so many of the Chinese possess, and about his eyes and forehead he had that touch of asceticism and inherent culture noticeable in some of the temple priests. In reality he was a daring soldier of fortune with but one absorbing aim — the desire for wealth. For this end he carelessly ran enormous risks, knowing full well that, if he failed, the Chihli war lord, Wu Fei-pu, who had been his former Commander-in-Chief, would without a moment's hesitation have him beheaded. He told his visitors frankly that his ambition was to amass sufficient riches to enable him to slip quietly down the great river to Shanghai, and there, in the safety of international protection, enjoy cinemas and theatres and contact with foreign life. With this end in view, no doubt, his men were again rifling the Mint, and as the two white men were getting into their chairs a string of coolies passed bearing heavy boxes full of cash.

Once more the siege lasted a week, and on the seventh night lines of tiny lights, like glowworms, moved slowly along the Kwei Jo road below. It was the lanterns of the brigand army retiring, with the spoil, to their unknown retreat in the distant hills.

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FOUR MILLION EXTRA WOMEN[1]

BY A. IAKOVLEV

ONE of the tragedies of our time is the numerical prevalence of women over men. In Russia and the Union of Republics there are four million more women than men. In one particular village there are two hundred and sixty-nine such 'superfluous' women. It is difficult to gather information as to how the four million odd women behave themselves all over the country, but every townsman knows these two hundred and sixty-nine, and keeps an interested eye on them. The village alternately rises in indignation, wonders, approves, condemns or acquits.

'What a girl she was!' you will hear people say. 'Modest, and hard-working. And no trace of it left. That's what comes of not finding a husband.'

'Does n't behave, does she?'

'That's so, all right — but is she to blame?'

One hundred and seventy-six of these women are widows. The German war, the civil war, and the famine took a heavy toll of men. It is chiefly among these widows that the disintegration of the healthy life in the villages starts. With all loyalty, but also with all determination, they claim their share of human happiness. A new family? But where shall they find men when there are not enough for the marriageable girls?

'What is to be done?' is the question every one of these women asks herself. Different ones solve it in different ways.

'Live quietly; fate has beaten you down — resign,' some of them say.

'Bring up your children; forget about the rest,' is another solution.

'Fight for yourself, for new happiness. Take any woman's husband away from her.'

I have seen three cabins in a row. The roofs and fences are all askew. Grass grows upon them. The windows are falling apart. You see at a glance that for years no one has made the rounds of the house with axe and saw in hand and an attentive eye on every corner. A deathly breath has blown over them.

'Who lives there?'

'Widows. Years ago their husbands vanished without leaving a trace, and still they seem to be waiting, hoping for something.'

'Do they live decently?'

'Somehow they eke out a living. One has a little boy; the others are alone.'

Later on I saw these widows. In the evening, when work is done, they come out and sit on the bench in front of their cabins. They stay there a long time, in silence. What have they to talk about? Everything has been talked out long ago. Let the world be shaken by wars, or startled by great discoveries or changes — nothing will touch them; they will come out every evening and sit there in silence. What part do they have in those affairs? Their lot is sorrow and a broken heart; they have been cast overboard.

Not far from these three cabins stands another, brightly lit and noisy

[1] From *Novy Mir* (Moscow literary and current-affairs monthly), *August*

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every night. This owner too is a widow, and of her neighbors say: 'The *baba* got out of all limits. No holding her.'

She arranged in her house a regular paradise for drunks and merrymakers of other kinds. Songs, shouts, fighting, never cease. The village soviet deliberated on the subject at many sessions. But Lazarikha is irrepressible, for, as she says, she does what she pleases in her own house. And if a courageous muzhik still tries to call her to reason, she answers him in such strong terms that the man is ashamed to listen and slinks away. This woman awaits nothing, she entertains no hope that her husband will return from his unknown whereabouts.

The majority of widows, however, side with those who are resigned. Strange places can be found nowadays in Russia. In the Saratov guberniya I saw a fair-sized village which is known in neighboring hamlets as 'the Widows' Settlement,' because there are only widows there. The males are all children. Not one husband survived — or at least none returned. Such things as a 'widows' village,' a 'widows' field,' or even a 'widows' community,' are to be found here and there regularly. Statistics show that thousands of widows live in the Donskaya province alone.

There are various methods of revolt. In the T—— village the rebellious widows have inaugurated the custom of 'social' gatherings, which regularly degenerate into a pastime of quite informal nature. Before the war such a thing was unknown. There were always social gatherings in the villages, but they were no more than that.

What the widows started the young girls have carried on. After the conclusion of summer work groups of ten or fifteen girls hire a house for all winter, until Easter. The owner, generally a widow herself, charges a high price for the place: often each girl pays as much as seventy pounds of potatoes or flour, five pounds of butter, and a quantity of kerosene and firewood. Then, about three times a week or oftener, 'social evenings' are arranged. One village may have as many as ten or more such establishments. A bunch of young fellows walk in, playing accordions and shouting songs, going from house to house where they know such gatherings exist. Sometimes they stop only for a short while, exercise their wits in very direct terms, and proceed to the next resort where they believe the girls are more interesting or where they are received with more compliments. And what offense and disappointment the girls suffer if the whole throng leaves their doors after a few minutes' chat! The fellows' songs and whistling have a melancholy sound as they get more and more distant. These girls will do all they can to keep the boys, and it must have been their disappointments that led to the perversion of this formerly harmless custom.

The chairman of the village soviet told me with bitterness in his voice: —

'I do not recognize our girls. Four times I raised the question of combating this evil. The peasants agree, but we don't know what to do. If we go and drive these young people out of their meeting places, it will mean fighting an old custom; and very often we should be punishing people who have done no harm.'

'How about the parents?'

'They are rather indifferent. They have ceased worrying. They say to the girl: "You won't listen to reason, won't you? Go ahead. You 'll be the one to feel sorry." A father will ask his daughter why she was out late at night, and she will frankly and insolently tell him the truth. We should have more sane and interesting amuse-

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ments. But the chief thing is, we should have some sort of new moral foundations. But there is nothing new — and the old is broken to pieces. What happens? you ask. Time and again a case will be brought into court about alimony, or the murder of a new-born babe. But "social gatherings" are not altogether the cause. What is really terrible is the new attitude men have begun to take toward women. "What's the use of observing nice manners if there's so many of them?" they say. And this is the root of many scandalous outrages.'

Yes, outrages are now the talk of the villages everywhere. There is no respect for women left. This causes lack of stability, and the women themselves are beginning to fear the future. Something must be done — but who can tell them what to do?

One young and energetic widow of a determined disposition recently made a trip to town and fetched herself — a Chinaman! She would not live and work alone, but she was not interested in 'social gatherings.' For a whole month the village was convulsed with laughter; there was no end of fun-making. But they ended by getting used to this, as to all else. The Chinaman gave his name as Sun Ming-li, but our muzhiks made him over into plain Semion, and the Chinaman became a settled citizen in one of the most out-of-the-way Russian villages.

'He is n't used to our work,' the peasants told me in that village. 'So far he's been trading in all kinds of stuff, and dyeing yarns for the women; but he's a worker all right. *Nichevo!* He even learned to drink our *samogon* (moonshine).'

And the woman boasted: —

'I've got a poor sort of man, true enough; but behind him I feel safe. There is n't much profit in our fellows — and, besides, where shall I look for them? And even if I found one, I 'd feel sorry later on. They're getting too good for us, too stuck-up. What do I care? I've a boss in the house now. And what a submissive one! He does whatever I tell him.'

In the cities, especially in the factories, the question is hotly debated as to whether marriages should be registered or not. But the village stands for registered — that is, legal — marriage.

'Let them at least sign a paper, and they'll have a steadier life. Why not? Otherwise, he's here to-day and gone to-morrow. Go to court with him — who likes that? They do nothing but make fun of you there.'

Peasant life, which borders oftentimes on absolute destitution, requires stability. This stability, which is essential for productive labor, will be undermined by the least uncertainty. The acquisition of the smallest utensil is remembered for the rest of the peasant's life. How then could a man and a woman living under such conditions be satisfied with an alliance for an indefinite period of time, without any guaranty of joint possession of property?

'So they settled down together,' a peasant told me about a certain couple who did not register. 'And they loved each other too. But what do you think they did with their money? Instead of buying a horse or a plough, they bought suits, dresses, city shoes, blouses, and what not. Six months later she left him. "Why?" I asked her. "Because he's got no money. He wants to sell my clothes to buy things." No, marriage must be regular. If you're in harness, pull for all you're worth! You can't play. This is no factory; it's the earth. In a factory they're told to work eight hours, and then they're free to play and dance. Here we work till we drop. You can't live like a cuckoo here!'

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This is the opinion of solid farmers. And I shall add that in the Samara province I found that, in spite of the great facility of divorce, only one sixth of the alimony cases came from registered couples. Nothing could indicate more eloquently that registered marriages are more stable than those the peasants call 'cuckoo marriages.'

The peasants feel that a firm economic foundation is essential for a family, and for this issue the woman in modern Russia is much readier to fight than the man. Our times have put a heavy problem before the woman. Her paths in life have been widened, but they have also become more devious. How will she succeed?

IVO GRENFELL

October 8, 1926

BY MAURICE BARING

[*Morning Post*]

'WHAT have they done to you, where have they taken you?
Answer us, Ivo, my son.'
'I have sailed far away on a marvelous voyage,
With Julian and Billy and Bron.'

'Shall there not come to us news of you, word from you,
Sign of you, Ivo, my son?'
'I am nearer to you than the closest of whispers,
With Julian and Billy and Bron.'

'The autumn wind blows and the leaves are deserting us,
Summer leaves, Ivo, my son.'
'The same wind came blowing in springtide and autumn,
For Julian and Billy and Bron.'

'Breathe but a message to say all is well with you,
Just a word, Ivo, my son.'
'Our word to you is: "Let God have His way with you":
Ivo and Julian and Billy and Bron.'

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THE ENGLISH SPIRIT[1]

BY COLONEL J. F. C. FULLER, D.S.O.

THE spirit of a nation is seldom understood, for it is not a thing to be seen, or a thing to be bartered. To foreigners the eccentricities of the normalities of others — that is, the difference between others and themselves — strike the eye and hallucinate the brain, and the further afield we go the more eccentric become these comparative abnormalities; yet near or far, the national spirit eludes our grasp, obscured as it is by a variety of racial spectacles. Even to the people themselves, the humdrum of daily pleasures and toils, and the normal security which civilization offers, hide from all but the acutest the spiritual spark glowing within each. It is only when some great cataclysm tears away the veil of commonplace things that all these little sparks leap into one great tongue of fire, and then the national spirit is revealed. As with the individual, so with a nation, it is danger, calamity, and turmoil which allow worth and character to manifest themselves. It is during great crises that a nation can be judged; in all other periods it can only be criticized. Then, curiously, once the crisis has passed along its way, the vision of national worth dissolves, is gone, and is forgotten. All is forgotten, and criticism and illusion come back into their own. Spiritually a nation is lulled to sleep by peace and comfort — then its daily pleasures are its dreams, and its daily sorrows its nightmares.

As an Englishman I feel that we, in common with all other nations, in the main misunderstand ourselves. We are amazingly critical. Every government is elected to ruin us; but governments are of the commonplace, and if the spirit could laugh it would surely laugh at their babblings. We look askance at novelty and innovation, yet we are the most handy improvisers in the world — our very Empire is a huge improvisation. We abhor originality: it almost frightens us to think that Englishmen can change; it is an insult to the permanence of our stability. Yet we are fond of disparaging our own efforts, and frequently we belittle ourselves. Disparagement by others does not excite us, for it is of others, and others are not Englishmen. If the Irish-Americans raise a million or two to foster revolt against our rule, we do not move an eyelash. If they like to waste their money, well, let them, for our rule is as invulnerable to what gold can buy as the average Englishman is to bribery. We are outwardly a mass of contradictions — and, in truth, so also is every other nation.

We are not inordinately clever or intelligent; many consider us somewhat stupid, and these many are probably right. We are, however, extraordinarily individual, self-opinionated, and proud of being, not only Englishmen, but each of us an Englishman. Our whole political system is founded on this outlook, this individual squint. We are so personal in our individuality that we like being represented by a king, but cannot tolerate a tyrant, or

[1] From the *National Review* (London Tory monthly), *October*

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even a prime minister possessed of real power. Our parliamentary system is a paradox and an anachronism. We have no true political head to our Government. We have a Cabinet, a club — that is all it really is. If any man in this 'Society of Friends,' this peculiarly English gathering, shows what a foreigner would call political ability, he is regarded with suspicion. Cabinet decisions are nearly always half measures, since the weak minister is just as obsessed by being an Englishman as the strong; thus it happens that all opinions must be included in the answer. Only in great national emergencies are decisions decisive, and then because individuality itself is confronted by some calamity which threatens it with obliteration. We love committees, we are ruled by a committee, the most impossible instrument of rule, because no one in a committee, anyhow in ours, can be dominated by the individuality of another. We look upon our Prime Minister as head of the Government, much as we look upon our King as head of the Empire. Both are purely constitutional; neither the one nor the other possesses real power. We do not love able men, and in a great crisis when they save us from our impossible system we only accept them as we would an umbrella in a storm.

All this is most bewildering and misleading to the foreigner. In foreign affairs our parliamentary system is, of course, impossible in the extreme. We never give a decision, we never decisively say 'yes' or 'no,' because only one man can do so, and if one man did so, it would detract from his fellow workers, and this is one of the club rules which must never be broken, for to break it would be like cheating at cards. The country is so orderly, so prosperous, and really so contented, that the foreigner, poor fool, believes that it is all due to our parliamentary system, and we believe it ourselves. He says, 'Look at England; we must have a parliament.' But he forgets that England is peopled with Englishmen and not with Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, or Whatnots. So he copies our political system, or want of system, and in a year or two it produces such chaos among Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, and Whatnots that each in turn is compelled to accept a dictatorship in order to put things straight. The parliamentary system is patent to Englishmen. The Whatnot does not realize this; nor do we. Look at Egypt and India — our parliamentary system there is as absurd as a fur coat at the equator, or an iced drink at the North Pole.

Most of my life, fortunately or unfortunately, has been spent among soldiers. I say fortunately, because close contact with my fellow countrymen has given me insight into their character; and unfortunately, because in England the soldier is despised, he is under the discipline of some individual, and this is a horrid crime. Nevertheless, we are a race of potential soldiers, as I will show.

In the Great War I saw what I saw again but yesterday during the Great Strike — the manifestation of the English spirit. It did not creep out of its shell or explode, it was simply there as it always is; but to see its outline requires a background — the smoke of war, or the gloom of revolution. Our individuality was threatened, our sense of fair play was shocked, and above all we were nationally stung to the quick to think that others could imagine that an Englishman can be coerced by force. The Germans never, from August 4, 1914, onward to November 1918, had a chance of winning the war, because Englishmen will not accept defeat; proverbially they lose all battles save the last one. The Trade-Union Council

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never had the remotest chance of winning the Great Strike. They tried Russian methods. As well attempt to paint a miniature with a boot brush as to attempt so foolish a thing in England. The Russians have spent millions in this country on revolutionary propaganda. May they continue to do so, for it has no more effect than sinking gold in the Atlantic — it just makes a splash, that is all. They thought, if they think at all, that Englishmen were mentally like Russians, because both have legs and arms, and require rest and food. Not until Russians become Englishmen will their propaganda become effective, and by then they will have learned how to appreciate our parliamentary system — so all will be well.

The Englishman's outlook on foreigners is much as was that of the classical Greeks toward the Persians — foreigners are barbarians, and a barbarian is a non-Greek. In my book, *The Reformation of War*, I wrote of the English soldier: —

> I have watched him in two long wars struggling against odds, and I have learned to appreciate his virtues, and his failings, and his indomitable courage. He is a man who possesses such natural pride of birth that, through sheer contempt for others, he refuses to learn or to be defeated. He divides humanity into two classes, Englishmen and niggers, and of the second class some happen to be black and others white. He only condescends to differentiate between these subclasses by calling the latter dagos. To him all white folk outside his own little islands are such. From these he has learned nothing; yet he is tolerant, tolerant as he would be to his dog; he has, in fact, raised the vice of contempt to a high virtue, and on this virtue is the British Empire founded.
>
> Having nothing to learn, through sheer power of domination he has become the prince of rulers, and through sheer refusal to be defeated by niggers the master of improvisation. He is always there, for the sun never sets on his Empire, but he is never ready. For readiness would presuppose fear, and what has he, as an Englishman, to be afraid of? He is an incarnation of King Henry V, and every battle he fights is an Agincourt.

I hold this view still, and not only of the English soldier, but of all true Englishmen. Our insularity, sitting as we do on the rim of Europe, has enabled us to pick and choose as we like. What pleases us we take from Europe, and what displeases us we leave to Europeans, for only accidentally do we consider ourselves as such. For eight hundred and sixty years no foreigner has set his foot on our shores, save as a guest; for eight hundred and sixty years our little island has rested in peace except for a few baronial skirmishes and Roundhead-Cavalier encounters. From this secure base of action we have percolated through the world. Wherever we go we carry England and her spirit with us. We go out into the world as we go on to a cricket pitch — to enjoy ourselves. We do not go out to reform, to re-create, or to civilize; and the result is that wherever we go we do reform, we do re-create, and we do civilize. By leaving others alone, and by asking for nothing more than an orderly life, we have made others prosperous, and with prosperity has come contentment. We do not establish law and order to improve others, but because without it we are put to personal discomfort, and for an Englishman to be so placed by a nigger is something which really shocks him.

We love our leisure; therefore wherever we go we play our games and build our clubs. We are not a hard-working race, but in trade we generally excel others, because our word is inviolable. If you are honest you can afford to be lazy, but if you are

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dishonest you have got to work hard. We have realized the truth of this, but many barbarians have not — hence the frequency of our commercial successes and of their commercial failures.

We are a dominant race by birth rather than by education or intention. Many times have I noticed this both in history and actual life. In 1882, at the time of the bombardment of Alexandria, the mob looted and set fire to many of the buildings in the European quarter. The Hôtel Abbat was saved, however, by the ruse of a Berberine doorkeeper; for, when the mob hammered at the door, in place of appealing to Allah, he appealed to something more concrete and terrible — the prestige of the Englishman. Placing his mouth to the keyhole, he shouted: 'You b—— b——s; what the b—— h—— do you want?' Coarse though these words be, they are plainly those of the dominant race. They acted like a spell, for their effect was magical. The ringleaders looked at one another, and then, awe-struck, whispered: 'Why, the house is full of Inglesi!' This was too much for the rabble; they hurriedly retired, and in place burned the Portuguese Consulate.

During the recent war the same spirit manifested itself in an unconscious, almost instinctive, contempt for the enemy and our Allies. It led us into many difficulties; because of it we lost more than one battle, and beyond doubt it added thousands of killed and wounded to our casualties. Yet without it we should have ceased to be English, and had such a calamity been possible, in my opinion the Germans would have won the war. This contempt made us indifferent to our own security. We did not hate the enemy, but we loathed digging trenches to protect ourselves from his fire. Protection shows some form of fear, and so we loathed it, not for itself, but for what it symbolized. When the trench periscope was invented, a War Office general turned it down, saying: 'It is contrary to the traditions of the British officer to seek information from a position of security by means of a mechanical device.' When on the first Christmas of the war the unofficial armistice occurred, and the Germans and ourselves fraternized in No Man's Land, a safe opportunity presented itself for both sides to strengthen their wire entanglements. In front of one English trench it was noticed that, while English soldiers were holding the pickets, German soldiers were hammering them in. This incident, small though it be, is typical of our dominion. It explains many otherwise incomprehensible events, such as that our Empire covers one fifth of the entire globe, or our peaceful control of India and her 320,000,000 souls by a truly insignificant military force.

There is nothing new in our outlook on the foreigner. Nations seldom suffer rapid change, and what we are to-day we probably shall be hundreds of years hence, as we were hundreds of years ago. In 1498 Andrea Trevisano, a shrewd observer and Venetian Ambassador in England, wrote: —

> The English are great lovers of themselves, and of everything belonging to them. They think that there are no other men than themselves and no other world but England, and whenever they see a handsome foreigner they say that 'he looks like an Englishman,' and that 'it is a pity that he should not be an Englishman.'

Antonio Agipida, a Spaniard, writing at about this time, gives us an interesting glimpse of the fifteenth-century English soldier: —

> Though from a remote and somewhat barbarous island, they yet believed themselves the most perfect men upon earth; and magnified their chieftain, Lord Scales,

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beyond the greatest of our grandees. With all this, it must be said of them that they were marvelous good men in the field, dexterous archers, and powerful with the battle-axe. In their great pride and self-will, they always sought to press on the advance, and take the post of danger, trying to outvie our Spanish chivalry. They did not rush forward fiercely, or make a brilliant onset like the Moorish and Spanish troops, but they went into the fight deliberately, and persisted obstinately, and were slow to find out when they were beaten. Withal, they were much esteemed, yet little liked, by our soldiery, who considered them staunch companions in the field, yet coveted but little fellowship with them in the camp.

In the above quotations we see not only the English soldier of four hundred and more years ago, and his existing counterpart, the English soldier of today, but Englishmen as we know them all the world over. They are great lovers of themselves . . . the most perfect men upon earth . . . the handsome foreigner looks like an Englishman . . . they do not rush forward fiercely, but do things deliberately . . . they are persistent and obstinate, and slow to realize when they are winning, and equally slow to see when they are being beaten. In fact, how amazingly different are we from others, and, though all realize this, how few realize the nature of our differences. Some say we are more like the Germans than the French, because we have Teutonic blood in our veins. But is this true? I much doubt it. The Germans consider us dishonest, and the French perfidious. We may be stupid — we are; stupidity has many times led us into serious error, and more than once into a political crime. But as for craftiness — we are not a cunning race, and our lack of cunning has, among races who possess it, been mistaken for long-sighted malice, hypocrisy, and premeditated self-interest. Our methods are not of the stiletto, the bomb, and the cup of bad coffee. We do not like clever people, for these folk are always in a minority, and as the majority can call upon the brute force of numbers to protect its interests, and to secure its prejudices, clever people are inclined to cultivate craft. If we were as clever as the barbarians think, then there might be something in their contentions.

Our love of order is part and parcel of our national slow-wittedness — or call it, if you will, stupidity. Any man in England can do anything he likes so long as he does not get into the way of other people. He can believe in anything he likes, and say almost anything he likes, far more so than in any other country. If he wants to work no one will prevent his doing so, but few will help him. If, however, he says he dislikes work (most Englishmen do), or refuses to work, and declares that he will down tools and lay economic siege to the State, most Englishmen think these very reasonable views. Hence the Great Strike of 1926. Few Englishmen objected to the strike; what they disliked was its inconvenience, and what they really objected to was a vague unformed feeling that the strikers had been hustled into it like white niggers, Russians, and suchlike, and had not been given the Englishman's right to vote — voting in England is a national pastime.

The Great Strike came along like the Great War. It was bound to come, since we did not possess the cunning to prevent it. When it did come, most were surprised. On the part of the enemy it was opened by a colossal blunder. In 1914 Germany violated Belgium, and all true Englishmen were shocked — this was too much, it was not playing the game. In 1926 the T. U. C. suddenly invaded the newspaper offices, and when, on the morning of May 4, no *Times* or *Daily Mail* lay

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alongside our eggs and bacon, it was clearly obvious that the strikers were not playing cricket, and, as all non-striking England thought the same, this act alone, a very stupid act though a crafty one, foreordained failure to the social revolution.

The strike itself was a wonderfully orderly affair, and the English spirit revealed itself at its best. All things stopped, all the things which are the springs and wheels of modern civilization — newspapers, power stations, railways, buses, the unloading of ships, and so on. Within twenty-four hours out of this chaos emerged a new cosmos, much like the old one, but far more good-tempered, far more hard-working, and infinitely more polite. Men in plus-fours mounted into bus seats, men in yellow gloves snipped tickets, and men in gray flannel trousers swept the platforms of the stations, or unloaded ships. If ever there was an object lesson of the fallacy of skilled labor this strike has surely been the greatest. At one power station a petty officer and six able-bodied seamen came to take over. A striker stepped up and said: 'You can't work this plant with six men; the normal complement is thirty.' 'Right!' exclaimed the petty officer as he looked at the furnaces. A quarter of an hour later he dismissed three of his party as a relief, for three men were sufficient for the job. For years, probably, thirty men had been daily employed — and we wonder how it is that the foreigner captures our markets.

The people were wonderful, and none more so than the police. In Germany the strike would have been crushed into order by military force; in France into disorder by a similar agent. Here, however, it simply volatilized under the good-will of the people. It was the people themselves who killed the strike — certainly not the Government, and certainly not the soldiery; in fact, during its entire duration not one shot was fired. Here is a story typical of the humor of the day. A volunteer carter came along with his load. A sordid-looking woman, probably a Communist, stepped on to the roadway and shouted: 'You b—— bastard!' 'Good morning, mother,' answered the volunteer; 'we have n't met for a long time.' Such is the spirit which flays revolution alive.

The people killed the strike by working and by smiling. Their genius for improvisation, dormant in normal times, at once manifested itself. Each man became a leader, a leader of himself, and the strike became a sport. It was quite unnecessary to tell a crowd, which for half an hour had been waiting for a problematical bus, not to storm it when it arrived. Those in it who wished to get out got out first, and those who were nearest to it and wished to get in got in next. Those who could not get in waved their hands to their more fortunate fellows, and either walked home or continued to wait. Private cars with a vacant seat or two were at anybody's disposal, and if you happened to be a pretty girl without a car you did far less walking and a little more flirting than usual. Then eight days later the strike was called off, and all went back to the normal humdrum everyday life as if nothing out of the way had happened.

Our amazing genius for accepting things expected and unexpected in a common-sense way, of not becoming rattled, and our marvelous talent for improvisation, were as little understood by us as by the nations who watched from outside. The barbarians admired us, but I doubt whether they learned anything worth learning. Though many are more quick-witted than we are, few are as imaginative. They could not picture on the one side what was happen-

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ing, and on the other what would have happened if what was happening had happened to them. If they only could have understood the English spirit as it really is when awakened, a thing which we ourselves scarcely understand, most political difficulties between them and us would vanish; and if we reversed the process, and really learned to understand them, then I fancy the millennium would creep round the corner. It is indeed strange to contemplate that ninety-nine per cent of the wrangles which vex international politics pivot on the misunderstanding of this question. Hundreds of books are yearly written on psychology, yet out of such as I have read no single one has attempted to explain how it is that 'yes' and 'no,' 'black' and 'white,' and such simple words, if simultaneously uttered by an Englishman, a Frenchman, and a German, mean quite different things — frequently opposite things.

In our opinion we are staunch democrats; in fact, we are the only democrats on earth. In truth nothing is more absurd, for we are aristocrats, and instinctively have a horror of democracy. In no country in the world are birth and breeding so all-powerful as in England. In such countries as France and the United States a man of genius or ability is a recognized factor in national progress. In England, unless to genius and ability be added breeding, he is either ignored or accepted as an unavoidable nuisance. In the East many a slave has become a caliph, but England is the land of Shakespeare and not of the *Arabian Nights*. If you would be more than a social or political meteorite, you must have something of Henry V in you. If you are an English workman, you must remain in the humble position which birth has dictated you should occupy. There are, of course, exceptions, but not many — few indeed when compared with America. The great problem which now faces us is not an economic one, but a social one. It is not a question of Capital versus Labor, but of blue blood versus red, of pedigrees and of breeding, but not of accident. We do not consider the birth of a child an accidental event — this would shock our morality; but what we do consider an accident is that the child should be clever. As I have already said, we do not like clever people; they are apt to upset our equilibrium.

All this may be considered amazingly mediæval to truly democratic nations, such as can only live tranquilly under some form of dictatorship. It certainly is so if we are taken at our democratic face value. But we are not democrats, we are aristocrats, and what we feel — but do not say — is this: A man of breeding, if he is not honest and honorable, has so much to lose socially in our social system that birth and position normally compel him to be honest and honorable. A 'common' man, however able, has few or none of these privileges to lose. His talents may be remarkable, but unless they are balanced by honor they may become far too remarkable for our liking. We are a cautious race, partly Norse; we not only do not like social experiments, but we detest them. Therefore, if a 'common' man shows talent, though we seldom accept him in our midst, we are willing to accept his grandson, who may be a perfect fool. Two generations passed through our public schools, which are not centres of learning, but courts of honor, we consider the minimum time wherein to produce a gentleman, and to the English a gentleman is a man who can be trusted, who cannot be bribed, who does not cheat at cards, who does not drop his *h*'s, who goes to church in a top hat, and who considers cricket the king of games. If he is intensely stupid, so much the better,

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for then these aristocratical distinctions will appeal to him in greater force.

This, then, is our supreme national problem — not how to divide our wealth (no one wants to part with a penny), but how to extend our public-school system without ruining the country economically; for, as I have just said, our public schools are not much concerned with learning. If we produce only gentlemen we shall be ruined; and as we refuse to acknowledge the ability of the 'common' man, what can we do? Our industries to-day are in a state of decadence. Take, for example, our coal mines — they are run on lines which in the days of the Phœnicians may have been considered more or less efficient. Take, for example, our railway tariffs — no one can understand them. Yet the pound sterling stands at parity; still our word is accepted all the world over as a token of honor; the French in their hearts know well that our might is the sheet-anchor of their security, and the Germans know that, in spite of the war, we harbor them no ill-will, and desire their prosperity and contentedness. Our one great problem is internal and moral. Foreign problems will solve themselves as soon as European nations are once again strong enough to quarrel on footings of approximate equality. Unemployment at home will also, so I think, solve itself; we have an Empire full of vacant spaces in which there is yet room for at least two hundred million Englishmen. But the moral problem is one which is strangely new, though it has been in gestation for nearly a hundred years. All Englishmen are politically equal, and, in spite of Socialist 'claptrap,' economically they are equal, or as equal as they are ever likely to be. But socially there is no equality; classes are as distinct as in Brahmanical India, caste rules are all but inviolable, and birth and not ability is the passport of the gentleman.

Here is an altogether strange problem which daily is intruding on the privacy of our lives. Many do not see it, and most of those who do shut their eyes — it appears so startlingly un-English. How shall we solve this problem of social freedom, how shall we train ourselves to look upon a 'common' man of true ability with the respect we lavish upon an earl or an archbishop? As an Englishman, I cannot say, for there is so much past history in my blood. I know, however, that we have a genius for muddling through difficulties, and that we have muddled through as great ones as this one. I know that revolution will not do it; I know that sheer cleverness will not do it, for we do not possess it; but I believe that the English spirit will do it in some quite unobtrusive way, and that, when this great work is accomplished, no one in particular will know that so happy an end has been reached. Certainly no one will be in a position to claim the fame of accomplishment, for if any symptom showed that a man of genius had arisen among us — some social Alexander the Great, who in twelve short years could turn every 'common' man into a gentleman, and every gentleman into a man of ability — all classes would unitedly lock shields and form phalanx against him. Yet here perhaps will the solution be found — sympathy begotten by the common horror that an Englishman can be so un-English as to claim deification, and so rob posterity of a committee meeting. Hostility to genius may save us. Such is the English spirit — an enigma, yet a fact.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

Sardonic 'Sayings of the Week'

We nobly refrain from setting a trap for the faithful readers of our *Discretion and Indiscretion* page. How easy it would have been, after reading No. 27 in the series of 'Literary Competitions' conducted by the *Saturday Review*, to slip in among our carefully culled flowers of wisdom and eloquence a deceitful bloom or so of mockery, which unwary readers might have accepted in good faith. But we have resisted temptation, and the blossoms that smile cheerfully from our page are strictly bona fide.

Competition No. 27 was designed by Mr. J. B. Priestley, who also read and judged the entries. It offered a prize 'for the best eight imaginary "Sayings of the week" of the kind collected by Sunday newspapers and others. Like the originals, these should appear witty or profound at a first glance, and then, when further examined, have that curious air of silliness which makes a reader wonder whether the subeditor who selects them is a simpleton or a subtle satirist.'

Mr. Priestley says in his report: 'The extraordinarily large number of entries to this competition showed that, as I suspected, many readers of the *Saturday Review* had been observing the various sayings of the week with a sardonic eye.' We print below the winning entry, so that our own readers may the better appreciate the honest fruits of *Discretion and Indiscretion* as they ripen in each number of the *Living Age*.

1. The City man may carry home fish in a basket or sunshine in his heart.
— *Mr. John Bouquet*

2. How the clouds skim by on a windy day! They, at least, are not answering the call of an advertisement.
— *From 'Leaves,' Mr. Stakey's new book*

3. A Jack-Spratt Society would be praiseworthy, provided it were evincive of the evil of emulating Jack's wife.
— *Dr. Forfar Buzz*

4. An unprejudiced mind will admit that our fair sisters are second only to ourselves in ability and capacity to reach the standards man maintains.
— *Lord Mysog, Chairman of the Snob Club*

5. I prefer a man to sing at his work rather than to whistle, for he cannot possibly whistle as well as the birds.
— *Mr. Thought-Bakes*

6. There is no reason why every man and woman should not be a popular speaker. All that is necessary is training, added to opportunities of practice, a suitable voice, imagination, — or, preferably, wide experience, — and, of course, confidence.
— *Miss Rose Lillie*

7. Modesty does not imitate; it ennobles.
— *Earl Fourball*

8. There is very little difference between the middle-aged man of to-day and the young man of yesterday, except, of course, that the former is older than he was as the latter. — *Canon Shure*

Contest No. 28 was devised by Humbert Wolfe, young English poet of considerable and growing reputation. Its prize is 'for the best sonnet which, beginning with a rendering in English of the following line of Auguste Angellier, "*Les premières amours sont des essais d'amour*," completes and develops the idea contained in it.' Mr. Wolfe reports that the 'general level of the sonnets was unenterprising,' but he awards the second prize to G. M. Graham 'for the only deliberately comic poem sent in,' although, as Mr. Wolfe

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adds, 'the last two lines are weak.' The poem follows: —

You must 'ave practice — love and try again.
Two tries won't do it neither, you can bet.
It's my opinion that you don't get set
For proper marriage, not till you've 'ad ten.
So regular I walks out now and then
With any bloomin' chap that I can get —
Not with a view to marryin', not yet,
But just to get me 'and in with the men.

'Look 'ere,' I says to 'Erbert, 'it's like this:
I'm not yer Dinah. This ain't Love's Sweet Song.
But, all the same,' I says, 'there's nothin' wrong
In findin' out the proper way to kiss,
And generally 'ow to make things 'appy —
You, for the right gal, me, for the right chappie.'

Reconstruction of the Parthenon

BEFORE the excitement caused by the restoration of the Sphinx has had time to subside, the *Spectator* publishes an article on the restoration of the Parthenon, which has now been going on for a number of years. The thought that barbarian hands are being laid on this classic temple may seem fit cause for apprehension, but the *Spectator* at least is not seriously alarmed at the projected work, which is described as 'both unambitious and sane.' Several types of reconstruction are explained, and the degree of reliance which may be placed on each is estimated. 'There is the reconstruction which is largely conjectural and based on a bare minimum of the original building; this can only depend largely upon the theories of the reconstructor, and, if they be wrong, fail dismally. Safer is the type of restoration where conjecture and theory are absent, and where all the guiding features of the buildings remain. An admirable example of this is to be found in the reconstruction in the last three years of the side colonnade of the Temple of Heracles at Girgenti in Sicily, carried out at the instance of Captain Hardcastle.

'Safest of all and beyond criticism is the disengagement of buildings from the accretions of later generations of builders. Thus the so-called "Lantern of Demosthenes," in the Capuchin monastery at Athens, in which Byron lived and which Meryon has immortalized in one of his finest etchings, has emerged from its surroundings as the "Monument of Lysicrates," one of the few perfect and complete minor monuments of the city.

'Almost as safe, though not quite, is the reconstruction of a fallen building, such as the Temple of Nike Apteros at Athens, which had been pulled down and incorporated *in toto* in the Turkish fortifications.

'And yet the very generation that started the cult of "mossy ruins" and built crumbling temples, like that of Virginia Water, in so many of the gardens of English country houses was most eager to rub the bloom off the authentic ruins of Greece. Byron ruthlessly carved his name with a chisel on the marble blocks of the temple at Sunium, while in every English collection antique statues were scrubbed and scraped and smoothed so that their broken edges should fit the better to the additions of the restorer, and all their bloom was irretrievably lost.'

The Parthenon has been undergoing reconstruction since 1922. The task would be less difficult if the Turks had not used the building as a powder magazine in 1687, when the Acropolis was bombarded by the Venetians under Morosini. A shell exploded the powder which was stored in the temple and blew out some of the central columns at the sides. 'To-day you will see the drums laid carefully in rows as if each column had fallen neatly and kept its drums in a line as they fell. But this is deceptive. Actually in the reërection of the columns an infinite amount of labor is spent in reshuffling the drums

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so that the right series is obtained and so that each series is in the right order. So far only the north side of the Parthenon has been dealt with. Here out of a total of seventeen columns eight require reërection, and when they are reërected the bulk of the architrave can be replaced upon them. This is all that is contemplated at present, and, when one knows the difficulties, it is a sufficiently expensive and important undertaking. By 1923 the bulk of three columns and their architrave were completed — namely, the seventh, eighth, and ninth from the west end of the building. Since then more still has been done and much of the main architrave and elements of the triglyphs and metopes have been added.

'The project is both unambitious and sane. The essential parts survive for the reconstruction of the two gaps which were blown out of the two sides in 1687. When completed — and it will take many years — the building will look much the same as it looked about two hundred and forty years ago. All we can legitimately say against it is that the bloom is lost and will not return with the repiecing of the stones.

'The restoration of the Parthenon is but one of the many restorations that are needed in Greece. Much could be done at Bassae, at Olympia, at Corinth. The Greek authorities are alive to their needs, and lack only the money to carry out their plans. In M. Balanos, who is in charge of the repiecing of the Parthenon, they have an architect who is both competent and enthusiastic, and on whose moderation we can rely.'

Wells Answers Belloc

For the past few months Hilaire Belloc has been delighting his fellow Catholics who read the *Universe* with an attack on H. G. Wells's *Outline of History* and on the theory of natural selection. As this series drew toward a close, Mr. Wells offered six articles in reply, — free, if necessary, — but he was refused on the ground that only corrections of 'definite points of fact upon which he might have been misrepresented' could be allowed. He has therefore given his answer in pamphlet form, entitling his effort, 'Mr. Belloc Objects to the *Outline of History*.' He first attacks Mr. Belloc's methods of controversy, evincing surprise at being called 'an intense patriot,' and poking fun at Mr. Belloc's frequent allusions to 'modern European thought,' which, though mentioned often, is never quoted. He shows that the one time Belloc does speak of his 'mysterious savants' he is guilty of a bad howler in mentioning a nonexistent biologist, Vailleton of Montpellier, where he really has the Victorian embryologist Vialleton in mind.

Apparently Mr. Belloc is as much in what some people call the dark as the inhabitants of Tennessee, for he believes in the 'fixity of man' rather than in the evolutionary theory and the exhaustive research on which it is based. Wells says: 'Taking a species as a whole by the million or billion, there will be in each successive generation a greater number of individuals with the differences that are advantageous relative to the number with disadvantages. In other words, the average of the species will have moved more or less in the direction of the advantageous differences.' Neanderthal man was a creature very like ourselves, but its head contained several structural differences from ours. Of this alleged link Mr. Wells writes: 'When I heard that Mr. Belloc was going to explain and answer the *Outline of History* my thoughts went at once to this creature. Would he put it before or after the Fall? Would he treat it like a brother and say it held

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by the most exalted monotheism, or treat it as a monster made to mislead wicked man? He says nothing. He just walks away whenever it comes near him.'

No sooner had Mr. Wells's brochure appeared than Mr. Belloc burst out in the *Manchester Guardian* with an answer to the accusation that there is no such person as Vailleton. He said that he bought this scientist's great *Criticism of Transformism* the week it was published, several years ago, and asserted that Mr. Wells obviously had never heard of the man. The *Universe* also rallied to Mr. Belloc's defense, and printed an editorial explaining why they had refused Mr. Wells's six articles. They said that they offered him a page in which to refute any misstatements of fact made in any of Mr. Belloc's articles. This offer Mr. Wells declined, on the ground that it would merely lead him into a blind alley of controversy. A significant sidelight on the affair is that no other paper cared to print Mr. Wells's articles — and he offered them to several.

Britain's Loudest Voice

THE shouting Englishman is not a proverbial figure. One gathers, at least from the British press, that Americans are cursed with louder voices than their big brothers in the mother country. This does not mean, however, that the human loud-speaker is out of favor over there. Quite the contrary. The town of Pewsey in Wiltshire was the scene of the recent National Town Criers' Championship, in which criers from all parts of the island participated. The judges sat in a tent, and the contestants, dressed up in old-fashioned costumes, and with bells in their hands, roared the following refrain: —

'Oyez, oyez, oyez. Found at Pewsey and district carnival, the biggest and brightest spectacle in the South and West of England, where a week of revelry and pageantry reigns supreme and a procession of stupendous proportions passes through scenes of fairyland amid a blaze of brilliant illuminations: a revival of the time-honored town-crying, the means of announcing royal proclamations, the earliest advertisement medium, and the original form of broadcasting. God save the King.'

Voice is not the only qualification — dress counts too. One of the athletes had an enormous glove fully a yard across, which is raised aloft for a week during the Old English Fair at Heniton, and during those seven days no man in town can be arrested for debt, even to this day. Some of the criers were more self-conscious. Mr. Peers of Blandford Forum said that when he walked down the street of his home town making some important announcement crowds of little boys would follow him, imitating his cries. He said that he was afraid to dress up while exercising his function, for fear of attracting further ridicule. The winner of the competition was Mr. Ernest Austin of Wiltshire, who claims that his voice can be heard for a distance of seven miles if the wind is favoring.

First Editions

IN an age when first editions of old and rare books offer such opportunities to spread the fame of private wealth and acquisitiveness, and when enviable fortunes are exchanged in the purchase of a single collector's item, it is not surprising that the value of such volumes should be regarded cynically by those who cannot buy them. The suspicion that intrinsic worth is easily replaced by competition in acquisitiveness is not without its point. But while first editions may be bought for amounts that

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have no regard for their true uses, they are nevertheless indispensable for some purposes of scholarship, and have a value for the student quite apart from any sentiment that may attach to them. J. C. Squire, editor of the *London Mercury*, gives an interesting explanation of the real importance of first editions, which *Public Opinion* quotes as follows: —

'Sentiment and folly are not the chief causes of the importance that attaches to first editions. Those operate, in their different ways, but beyond them lies the fact that there is a real value in a first edition that no other can possess. In courts of law evidence is accepted only if it is first-hand; and a first edition of a book is the first-hand evidence of what was in its author's mind. All other editions are either revised statements (if they have been corrected by the author) or mere heresay (if they are only reprints). In any case, the first statement of any author's mind — that is, the first edition of his book — is the point from which every investigation of his work and intention must begin. No scholar, for example, can edit properly the writings of a poet unless he has access to the first editions of the poems, from which he can proceed to study the later editions and decide which changes — if he finds changes — are due to correction, and which to corruption, of the text.

'For it must be remembered that a written text, each time it is reproduced, is just as likely to acquire new mistakes as to have old ones corrected. Nor is it only the printed words of a first edition that are of value; the peculiarities of the very form of the book can — as modern bibliography has so often demonstrated — sometimes teach the student something of what was in the author's mind, as when the presence of a cancel-leaf indicates the probability that a passage has been seriously altered after the book was in its final proof stage.

'Even obvious misprints have their value. They may, sometimes, give us a notion of the author's peculiarities of calligraphy, and so enable us to correct other misprints which are less obvious; they may, at other times, give us the hint of important changes made in a book during the course of its composition; or, again, misprints may frequently teach the careful student a great deal about the methods of printing employed at various periods in the history of the craft.

'These things being so, and first editions having such a definite and irreplaceable importance as evidence, it is not surprising that rare first editions of very great books, having a wide appeal, should be extremely valuable, especially when there are, in various parts of the world, so many rich men forming libraries, either for their own use or for the benefit of some institution. This is not to say that all the wealthy collectors of books put their collections to a good use, and that some men do not collect books in order to be known as collectors rather than in order to become students. Undoubtedly, too, there are men who buy books only as a convenient means of advertising their own wealth. Such vulgarians, by falsely increasing the demand for certain books, certainly send up their market value; but, for quite legitimate purposes, there is in the world at the present moment such a demand for a commodity that is by its nature strictly limited in quantity that any rarity of especial importance would certainly fetch a very high price, even if the competition of the snobs could be totally eliminated.'

Gor'kii To-day

'THAT nose loves life,' reflected M. Franz Hellens, of the *Nouvelles Lit-*

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téraires, after he had listened for some time to Gor'kii's conversation without understanding a word of it. He was also impressed with the size of the Russian's jaw, the narrowness of his forehead, the lines on his face, and — need we add? — the brilliancy of his eyes. Maksim Gor'kii has taken up residence in Italy, near Sorrento, in a villa overlooking the sea. M. Hellens found him lying in the grass in his shirt-sleeves feeding a little fire near the beach. He knew it was Gor'kii as soon as he saw him, for no one but a Russian novelist would light a fire at high noon out of doors under an almost tropical sun.

The conversation between the two men was not exciting, for it was conducted through Mme. Hellens as interpreter. Rarely, affirmed the visitor, had he seen a more beautiful face — the eyes, nose, mouth, and chin all harmonized marvelously. What subjects were touched on is not revealed; we are only told that Gor'kii is still an optimist, infinitely curious and cultivated, naïve as a child, and, like a child, lacking many of his teeth. The party was entertained by an accordion artist who used to play to the Tsar's family in the old days, and who seemed like one of Gor'kii's own characters from the *The Lower Depths*. Only one remark of the master's does M. Hellens remember — 'My memory is a cemetery of horror.'

The Trend to Rome

Two years ago the Roman Catholic Church of the English Martyrs in Manchester began to raise a twenty-five-hundred-pound fund for the erection of a new spire. But as the fund grew, building costs also increased, and when the goal was nearly reached a few weeks ago the spire still seemed as much in the air as ever. But it so happened that a Presbyterian church at Ramsbottom fourteen miles away was just being torn down, and it was discovered that the spire from this edifice could be purchased, transported, and erected for much less than what a new spire would cost. The blocks of stone were therefore numbered to facilitate reassembling, and the deal has been closed. The *Universe*, a weekly organ of the Catholics in England, says that the ex-Protestant spire will fit in well enough with the architectural design of their own place of worship, but whether the Presbyterians are moving into larger or smaller quarters it does not divulge.

Serbian Borgias

ANOTHER reason for not yielding to the temptation of living in a Serbian town called Velik Kikinda has just been produced in the Italian press. It seems that, instead of forming a sewing circle, the wives of this light-hearted community have banded together in a secret association under the name of Santa Lucrezia, founded in honor of the redoubtable Lucrezia Borgia, with the worthy purpose of poisoning their husbands, fiancés, and lovers. From across the frontier — though which frontier the Italian paper does not say — they procure strong poisons, which are unobtrusively slipped into their husbands' food or drink. As soon as the existence of the secret society became public, many husbands and prospective husbands left the town. The Italian paper advises them not to let civic pride in next year's census returns prevent them from forming a Santo Bluebeard or Santo Landru lodge and going to it.

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

THE following letter was recently received by Henri de Kerillis, and appeared in *L'Écho de Paris*: —

'I had four sons. Three were killed by the enemy, and the fourth died last year of tuberculosis contracted as a result of being gassed in 1917. This is to tell you, Monsieur, that I have sacrificed everything — at least, I could say everything if I did not have six little orphans who have no one to look out for them but my sick daughter-in-law and myself. You see, I am just a poor creature, an inconsolable old mother, and my hand trembles a little, believe me, for I feel that it is most audacious of me to write you. Above all, do not think that I am involved in politics. I know nothing about them. I confine myself to hating them, because I have a feeling that before the war they were chiefly responsible for the catastrophe. And it is they too, unquestionably, that have taken my sons from me. And since the war, politics have so far ruined me as almost to take the bread out of my little children's mouths. No, I have nothing to do with politics. But I do find that it is terrible to absolve the Germans in this way, so quickly, and in talking of mothers who will never cry again to forget those who are crying still.'

* * *

We are not at the end of our prosperity, but at the beginning. — *Sir Alfred Mond*

* * *

The skill of the French chef, the ingenuity of the French restaurant, and the avidity of the international gourmet are a strong combination, which may defeat the intentions of the French Government. — *The Morning Post*

* * *

The *Muslim Outlook*, which rarely fails to be amusing, has almost surpassed itself. In a leader on 'Women in Politics' the editor does public penance for having at one time given 'our cordial support to the enfranchisement of women and urged Muslim women to capture the women's vote.' Alas for the 'lapse' — apparently entirely due to 'a pernicious Christian upbringing.' But it is proverbially never too late to mend, and now that the editor has given 'time, thought, and study to clear away this mental lumber,' the 'true, Islamic — that is, scientific' doctrine has revealed itself to him. Which is nothing quite so commonplace as to deny woman a vote altogether, but — to give her *half a vote*, because 'in accordance with Islamic law woman is only half as responsible for her actions as man'!

— *The Servant of India*

* * *

Craziness appears to have recommended itself to our fathers of old as a diverting thing in itself.

— *A. B. Walkley*

* * *

The Government opposed the trip on the ground that the poverty of the Rumanian people forbade such a luxury, but the Queen declared that her trip would pay for itself and more, owing to the loans she would secure from American bankers. — *The Vienna Correspondent of the 'Westminster Gazette'*

['In the annual report of the French "Anti-Kiss League" it is declared that no less than forty thousand germs of sickness, which may often prove fatal, can be transmitted by a single kiss.' — Reuter telegram]

Take, oh, take those lips away —
  Miss, they make me feel quite chilly!
Sweet they look, but what are they
  But the lair of base bacilli?
Forty thousand germs exchange
  Quarters when our kisses mingle —
These are tidings that derange
  Any pulse and make it tingle.

What defense can art supply,
  Or the paint that comes so pat do?
Lay your useless lip stick by —
  Golly, girl, what good can that do?
Rouge a microbe till it squirms,
  And you 'll make it much more vicious —
Forty thousand raddled germs
  Won't be any less malicious.

Drink to me only with thine eyes
  At long and cautious ranges,
And let 's avoid, in any guise,
  More intimate exchanges;
For, leave a kiss within the cup,
  And you 'll most surely spoil it —
I 'll have to snatch the goblet up
  And bear it off and boil it!

— Lucio, in the *Manchester Guardian*

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BOOKS ABROAD

A History of Russia, by Bernard Pares. London: Jonathan Cape, 1926. 21*s*.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

IT is a remarkable fact that in spite of the interest in Russia felt by Englishmen there has been hitherto no general history of Russia in English. Students not conversant with Russian have been restricted to works written in French and German or translations from the Russian. The *Course of Russian History* of V. O. Klyuchevsky, the most eminent of recent Russian historians, has been available to English readers for the last fifteen years, but this work is unsuited for readers with little or no previous knowledge of Russian history. To fill the gap, Sir Bernard Pares now comes forward with a handsome volume of over five hundred closely printed pages, containing at least two hundred thousand words, and we may at once say that, as present prices go, we get good value for our guinea. To make the history of Russia intelligible and interesting to one who is familiar only with the process of events in Western Europe is a difficult task; he is confronted with a people, heirs of Byzantine, not Latin, culture, with a civilization like yet unlike that of Western Europe, a people which has had no feudal system, no church reformation, and until very recently no serious political revolution, occupying an enormous territory, chiefly in Asia, and even now quite sparsely populated. To understand the origins and the development of this people and its present condition one must above all concentrate on the physical factors and realize that on the broadest view the history of Russia since the lifting of the Tatar yoke at the end of the fifteenth century has been a record of colonization and settlement. This Professor Pares knows well, and, like his teacher Klyuchevsky, he has given full weight to economic factors. The part played by the great rivers, especially the Dnieper, as highways of commerce and shifting population is fully emphasized. The rise of Kief, Novgorod, and Moscow is set forth with admirable clearness, with apt quotations from the delightful native chronicles.

Professor Pares's book is well done, and should find wide acceptance for its breadth of view and clear arrangement and exposition. The eight small maps, mostly illustrating movements of population, are somewhat crudely executed, and it is a pity the author was not able to include a larger map of the Russian Empire as it now is, showing the federated States on the Asiatic border. The bibliography is copious and useful, but rather confusing in its arrangement. A few tables of statistics are given at the end of the book — an excellent idea, but they are not all recent. Last and by no means least, there is a valuable index.

American Soundings, by J. St. Loe Strachey. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1926. 12*s*. 6*d*.

[*Times*]

'I HAVE called these papers "Soundings,"' writes Mr. Strachey, 'because when I wrote them I felt as if I were dropping the lead into American shore-waters.' In truth, however, he has plumbed some of the deeper currents, both of American life and of his own personality, and his method accounts for the position taken up in the book. An Englishman, he feels, is qualified to write of America because there is a common Anglo-American attitude toward life. It is distinguished by a refusal to carry a logical argument through to its conclusion in action if that conclusion appears repugnant. This is the quality which foreigners sometimes misinterpret as hypocrisy or perfidy, but which is really a preference for practice over theory. Thanks to this perception of a common temperament, Mr. Strachey can distinguish the real American behind the caricature of him drawn by party managers, flatterers, satirists, and suchlike hangers-on of democracy. The truth was brought home to him by the lucky accident that he sailed not for New York but for Quebec, and that his first observations of America were made during an eight-hundred-mile motor run to Philadelphia along a 'line of homesteads stretching like a mighty procession.'

At this stage Mr. Strachey's temperament came into play and taught him that the difference between Englishmen and Americans is not geographical but psychological: —

> There is a type of man on this side of the Atlantic who has naturally an American psychology, and there are also men born on the other side who have by nature an English psychology. I am proud to think that though

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a patriotic Englishman and ready to stand to any number of guns in any number of fraternal quarrels, I was born with an *anima naturaliter Americana*. If I am to believe my friends, enemies, and neutral observers, I possess by nature the American optimism, the American forthcomingness, and the American desire to appreciate rather than to depreciate — to 'boost' rather than to 'crab.'

Thanks to this personal attitude, Mr. Strachey can write as confidently of the West, which he left unvisited, as of the East, which he saw; can amplify out of observation judgments soundly formed by instinct; can defend America against the criticisms of her own citizens; can analyze her anxieties and discontents, and can indicate the means by which they will be dealt with.

Debits and Credits, by Rudyard Kipling. London: Macmillan and Company; Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1926. $2.00.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

A KIPLING volume is always a square deal. Among the fourteen tales of *Debits and Credits* there is everything that the regular purchaser expects in the unwritten contract. And in case there should be a remote spot with a market in which the commodity is unknown, the volume leads off with a proprietary cosmic parable carrying the trade-mark on every page and attractively setting forth the guaranteed character of the firm's goods; for the main end of the Kipling version of Eden and the Creation is to be honest with new customers by warning them that the men and women of the book are Kipling's products more than God's. For the rest, the scrupulous and the unscrupulous alike can ask no more than that the stuff should be up to previous sample in style and in quality.

Half the tales the war provides, and two others are from Stalky's school. Besides these there is a domestic whose character and ailment point to a hitherto unsuspected lacuna in the *Canterbury Tales*, for our extant Chaucer nowhere records illicit familiarity between the Wife of Bath and the chef on pilgrimage. Another novel figure is the monastic miniaturist bound for Spain on a journey similar to the one he must have taken two hundred years later when he planted the seed of the Lippo Lippis in Italy. Next one encounters a fabular bull of the Camargue who captivates the ring and all the sons of Kipling's Adam by the human artistry he employs in the execution of his animal lust for slaughter. And the last of the civilian variations of the accredited type is an American crank campaigning against Prohibition with pseudoscience and a cinema.

The soldier yarns let us see Kipling counteracting the strain which the war imposed on the credibility of their forerunners. Barrack-rooms are too familiar now to lend themselves easily to romantic accommodation. But Kipling finds an admirable substitute. He inaugurates an ingenious Masonic lodge in London as a resort for men on leave from the front, and, although the fabrication may reflect on the reality of its predecessor, it serves its immediate turn. It provides his characters with an organization, and that means, of course, with a code, a ritual, apronry, and, above all, with a jargon. The advantage is palpable when one remembers that Kipling has always detested unaffiliated man as heartily as does a good trade-unionist, and that he has always been happiest when his people have been full members of a strong *imperium* in a stronger *imperio;* the army form in a public school, for instance, or the N. C. O.'s mess, or the Anglo-Indian in India, or the Tory in politics. Yet the new substitute, despite its formal efficiency, has a serious disadvantage: it is so like all the other corporate institutions he has worshiped that it makes one wonder whether the high sanctions with which we have instinctively invested them are indeed no less arbitrary and artificial than are these London Lodge rules. What if imperialism and patriotism and good form and loyalty be no more substantial than this? One wonders, for instance, by what compunction the 'Friend of the Family' measures his loyalty according to the amount of destruction he can inflict on the enemy of the family to which he is a friend. Or how comes it that the 'Madonna of the Trenches' whose wraith brings its fatal embrace to the sergeant in the line exhales much more of sulphur than of heavenly vapor? If one only dare believe that Mr. Kipling can be cynical at times one's doubts would disappear.

Réponse à Jean Cocteau, by Jacques Maritain. Paris: Stock, 1926.
Lettre à Jacques Maritain, by Jean Cocteau.

[Aldo Dami in *La Revue de Genève*]

WE know the recent history of M. Cocteau, who, after fighting with all his friends, and having at last broken off with Radiguet, with whom he was tremendously affectionate, has undergone a moral and physical crisis of exceptional gravity. M. Cocteau sought forgetfulness in opium. It is quite all right to say this, for a whole chapter of his letter, and by no means the least penetrating one, is devoted to the strange psychological effects of this drug. Suffering has accomplished its work on him. It is terrible to suffer, but perhaps it is worth while — one emerges a broken but a better man. Anyone else than

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M. Cocteau would also come out more intelligent, but M. Cocteau had never at any time lost any of his lucidity. I gather that he does not regret these critical months. They led him to faith and to inexhaustible happiness — for he is happy on whom no rational argument can take any effect, because he has dismissed reason in the first place. In this case his crisis led to a definite end; it crystallized in a sort of anxiety, and ended in a victory which amounted to refusing to look on life with the same eyes.

The letter to Maritain goes further than M. Cocteau's other work; the author displays acrobatic turns and an astonishing juggling of ideas. It contains profound truths. Thus, M. Cocteau enters upon religion. M. Maritain's visits, the influence of a passing missionary, disclosed in him hidden resources; but, to speak accurately, they did not transform him — they simply made him a larger man. M. Maritain states just what these changes are: he judges the world from a theological point of view, and never departs from it. It is impossible to discuss his thesis, because one does not penetrate into his conviction — it is surrounded in the preamble with so complete a shroud; you cannot get your teeth into it; it evades the issue. As for Maritain's philosophic and scientific ideas, they have been treated here and elsewhere by more competent hands.

George the Fourth, by Shane Leslie, London: Ernest Benn, 1926. 12*s*. 6*d*.

[*Sunday Times*]

THE fashion in literary portraiture which has been set so successfully by Mr. Lytton Strachey is pursued to good purpose by Mr. Shane Leslie in his survey of the life of George the Fourth, dedicated curiously to 'His Majesty King George the Fourteenth with the dim respect of a deceased and forgotten author.'

In effect it is a reply to Thackeray's gibbeting of George IV, based sometimes on questions of opinion, and sometimes on matters of fact, as when, in answer to Thackeray's statement that the King was so ignorant that he could hardly spell, he retorts, 'This is simply not so.' Similarly, he will have none of the criticisms that the King was 'as false to his mistresses as to his wife,' for he says that his association with Mrs. Fitzherbert furnishes one of the 'great love stories of the world'; that Lady Hertford, the Lady Regent of the regency, and Lady Conyngham, the Queen of the reign, did not find him utterly false. The King, he says, 'made private love as a matter of course or courtesy to beautiful women, and he clung with public passion to the lady who happened to share his passing destiny.'

It is largely in the terms of the King's association with these ladies that Mr. Leslie views George's life, but, notwithstanding his dependence upon them, Mr. Leslie decides that George IV was 'the wisest, if most stubborn, of constitutional monarchs.' Indeed, he has set himself to revalue the entire Georgian régime, for he maintains that the reign and regency were indubitably most effective and fruitful years in the history of England, and that George IV really attained something of the 'victorious and glorious' demanded by the National Anthem.

Mr. Leslie believes that the Victorian age was 'largely an extension of the Georgian, producing in quantity what it lost in quality,' as he proceeds to show in detail.

He institutes a very interesting comparison between George IV and Edward VII. Each was sorely tried while holding the increasingly difficult position of Prince of Wales during long 'jubilarian' reigns; each was subjected to tedious restrictions and to German education; each broke the barriers on coming of age, and adopted friends and confidants who stirred the serious opposition of a venerable sovereign. Each became at times victim of his associates, but George was no more to blame for the false running of his horses at Newmarket than Edward for the presence of baccarat under the roof of his host.

The book is studded with scintillating sentences, as, for example, the description of Queen Caroline, who 'had been a wasp in her lifetime, and remained [her husband's] worm after death'; and throughout it has that provocative quality which keeps readers alert.

The Fascist Experiment, by Luigi Villari. London: Faber and Gwyer, 1926. 12*s*. 6*d*.

[*Morning Post*]

HERE at last is a really authoritative book on Fascism! Mr. Villari admittedly presents the Fascist case, but he presents it in such a comprehensive and fair manner that anybody can judge for himself the pros and the cons of the Fascist régime. Mr. Villari, of course, emphasizes the pros, — it would be difficult to do otherwise, — but he does not hide the cons, nor indeed any inconvenient details in otherwise favorable generalities. Perhaps he is a little ~~unfair~~ to Giolitti. Some people think that this wily old man did a very astute thing in letting the workmen occupy the factories, and thus prove their incompetence even to themselves. On the other hand, it was a dangerous move, considering the Bolshevist tendencies of the time, not to mention the Italian character. 'Wait and see' is not a slogan that inspires confidence south of the Alps.

Too many English books dealing with modern Italy lay excessive emphasis on the personality of

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Mussolini. It is a natural thing to do, in view of the extraordinary character and achievements of the man, but it hardly does justice to Fascism, which, it is fair to say, has grown to be even greater than its creator. Mr. Villari's book will do much to correct the erroneous impression that Mussolini and Fascism are practically interchangeable and synonymous terms. He describes, for instance, the Fascist policies with regard to education, labor, and religion, and from his descriptions it is clear that many men of first-class intellect have rallied round the man whom we in England invariably call 'the Dictator of Italy.' In a sense he is that, of course, but he is a dictator who has learned how to delegate responsibility — a proof, most people will admit, of true greatness.

Mr. Villari traces the struggling past of Fascism as well as its victorious present, and shows how the movement linked up with d'Annunzio and the Nationalist Party on the one hand and certain sections of the Syndicalists on the other. Anybody who is conversant with Italian history will realize from his clear exposition how several objects of Fascist policy — the establishment of guilds and government by *podestà* are typical instances — harmonize with the oldest Italian traditions. Far better, in fact, than did nineteenth-century parliamentarism, which served to show the national genius for intrigue rather than the national genius — equally marked — for practical and brilliant common sense. In short, we can hardly imagine a better book for those who desire to understand modern Italy. Only those who do not so wish, either from doctrinaire prejudice or from peevish dislike of anything that interferes with their placid enjoyment of museums, churches, and old masters, will fail to realize that Italy of to-day is the stage for the most interesting, and perhaps the most vital, drama in modern European politics.

The Babbit Warren, by. C. E. M. Joad. London: Kegan Paul, 1926. 6*s*.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

Mr. Joad has drawn up an indictment against the tendencies of modern civilization. His method is Aristotelian. The objects of civilized life are truth, beauty, and goodness, but the modern world is charged with replacing all three by their respective perversions: for truth it substitutes mechanical efficiency, for beauty luxury, and for goodness convention. The impulse to effect these substitutions is strongest in the United States. So much is clear from the newspapers, for Mr. Joad has never crossed the Atlantic, and uses what he has read about America to point the moral of what he has observed in England. America, for example, has carried to extreme lengths the worship of machinery in general and of motor cars in particular. Machinery, Mr. Joad insists, is a means to a good life, and life is vitiated if machinery is treated as an end and honored for its own sake. The point is driven home by a spirited, if somewhat old-fashioned, attack on motorists and their ways.

Resuming his main argument, Mr. Joad points out that, since a powerful machine is generally large, there is a tendency to respect mere size. In the political sphere this is destructive of democracy, which cannot function if the individual voter feels lost in the mass and has no sense of personal responsibility. Similarly beauty is only to be attained by the free exercise of individuality. Throughout the modern world, however, there is a certain distrust of individuality as being somehow undemocratic; and America with her mass of immigrants to assimilate cannot succeed even superficially in her aim unless she imposes a uniformity of life upon them all. Moreover, the moneyed man, who should be the patron of the arts, believes that culture is a commodity which can be bought at so many dollars an hour. This perverted standard combined with an immaturity of mind which mistakes melodrama for art and physical tidiness for taste is responsible for all the vulgarity and shallowness which European observers note in America.

In the third section of the argument, however, Mr. Joad is so far carried away that his thesis breaks down altogether. The exuberance of the American temperament is most clearly manifest in the sphere of religion and morality, and Mr. Joad cannot resist having his fling at 'an immensely important person called God whom they conceive as a good and very powerful American.' Once launched into flippant irony, Mr. Joad enjoys himself too much to cry halt. But amusing though his fun may be, it destroys his case. These are just the matters in which America does not illustrate the developments of tendencies apparent in Europe. No European state would project a transfer of the bones of a General Oglethorpe, because all European states have traditions and America is conscious of her lack of them. Similarly no European state could conduct a Scopes trial, because European peasants are not at one and the same time remote from the stream of ideas and surrounded by their material consequences.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Sutter's Gold, by Blaise Cendrars. Translated by Henry Longan Stuart. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1926. $2.50.

EVEN a poor translation cannot kill the merits of this striking little book. Mr. Cendrars tells the life story of General Sutter, the Swiss immigrant who came to America, where he made and lost the biggest fortune of the time. Almost the entire narrative is told in the present tense, and in short, jerky sentences that give a crisp outline of facts. Mr. Cendrars's method is the exact opposite of that pursued by Maurois and Lytton Strachey. He makes no attempt to get inside his character, and when he quotes from Sutter's own journal it is only for the purpose of graphic narrative. Under the circumstances this is probably just as well: Sutter's career was so extraordinary and contained all the elements of Aristotelian tragedy to such a high degree that its mere outline approaches bathos. Mrs. Sutter's arduous journey to California, where she dies the moment she meets her husband, the old man's series of accidents — these and other wild episodes in an incredible career are hammered into the reader's memory with deft little strokes. The publishers assure us that the author is something of a globe-trotter himself. This probably accounts for his being wise enough to intimate, but never to indicate, as so many clever writers love to do, that the man of action is revealed by his acts alone.

Summer Storm, by Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1926. $2.00.

MR. SWINNERTON has never bothered much about the plots of his novels; it is people that interest him. Give him several women and one man, and he will write you a novel. It is unfortunate that the man is necessary, because the author is curiously unsuccessful with his men: they may be interesting portraits, but they do not come to life. It is his women that reveal his talent. With masterly choice of detail, so that the obvious shall be implied and only the subtle traits of character explained, he gives us a Polly and a Beatrice who are bound to clash. *Summer Storm* is more pleasing than *The Elder Sister*, because less hysterical. Doubtless hysteria such as Mr. Swinnerton is adept at describing is a characteristic of the time. Almost all of us, however, have our lucid intervals, as Dostoevskii so well understood. It is Polly's cheerful disposition and her impregnable family that give reality to the moodiness and mystery of Beatrice. Throughout the book runs the familiar note of pathos. The struggle of every human being against his temperament or environment is to Mr. Swinnerton pathetic, because it is an unequal struggle. It is Polly's temperament that enables her to triumph in the end over one who was more beautiful and more talented than she. This may not be a just conclusion, but, after all, a fundamental truth is the soundest foundation for a novel.

The World of William Clissold, by H. G. Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1926. $5.00.

IF one were to attempt to sum up in a few words the total effect of Mr. Wells's last book, one would exhaust the supply of adjectives. It is Amazing, Boring, Clever, Discursive, Edifying, Fantastic — and so on through the rest of the alphabet.

Mr. Wells, in his prefatory note, asks the reader, if he is the sort of person who will not accept the book as a novel, to please leave it alone — which of course means that it is not to be regarded as Mr. Wells's autobiography. But if it is not a picture of the author's outward life, — and we will take his word for it that it is not, — still less is it a novel, even 'at a new angle,' in the usually accepted sense of what a novel means. The narrative is too slight to have any interest for the reader beyond the human relationships described between the hero, his brother Dickon, and the four or five women with whom his life is emotionally involved. The chief interest in the book is in the ideas — often brilliantly and always characteristically set forth — on practically every subject in heaven and earth. Its discussions are philosophical, religious, economic, psychological, and sociological. William Clissold is a prophet as well as an historian, and to some readers the most interesting part of the book will be the section dealing with the World Republic, as he sees it emerging from present chaos. Perhaps others will be interested in his researches into sex: these are both intensive and extensive.

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Mr. Wells's American audience will not become excited by any comments on contemporary English rulers, disclosing a spirit of lese majesty. Rather will it be naïvely interested in finding real figures, familiar in the world of society, journalism, and politics, mingling with fictitious ones, on equal terms.

The average reader will prefer to dip into William Clissold's world, rather than to become part of it through eight hundred pages. If he will glance at the headings of chapters, sections, and books, — the 'Essences,' the 'Tangles,' the 'Phases,' — he can sample the different flavors and follow his own tastes. There will be something in the book to interest everybody, but nobody can accept it, with complete enthusiasm, in its entirety — it is too much like life itself.

Translations and Tomfooleries, by Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's, 1926. $2.25.

In the translator's introduction we are told that the author of *Jitta's Atonement* introduced his (Mr. Shaw's) works to Central Europe. Had it not been for Herr Trebitsch and — Mr. Shaw reluctantly adds — America, his English royalties could never have supported him in the luxury to which he is accustomed. The reader therefore approaches this play with misgivings which the first two acts do nothing to dissipate. There are subjects more worthy of dramatic treatment than the adulteries of Viennese psychologists, and there are playwrights who can draw the eternal triangle along rather less stereotyped lines than Herr Trebitsch. But the last act takes some of the bad taste out of one's mouth. Heavy seriousness gives way to less heavy flippancy — conceived, no doubt, in what the author imagines to be the Shavian spirit. The end is amusing and original, as those who saw the play in New York in 1923, with Bertha Kalich in the leading part, will remember.

The rest of this volume consists of several shorter pieces by Mr. Shaw. Most of them have already been performed in one place or another, and all bear the authentic Shavian imprint. In one of them he puts *Cashel Byron's Profession* into a blank-verse drama — perhaps a little too long to sustain an impossibly heavy tax on credibility and on the humor of having a prize fighter talk like Marlowe's *Tamberlane*. 'Press Cuttings' is an extremely witty burlesque of important English politicians. There are times when one gets rather tired of Mr. Shaw's same old bag of tricks, but if any other modern playwright can turn out more entertainment than there is in the last half of this volume, we should like to meet him.

Debits and Credits, by Rudyard Kipling. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1926. $2.00.

There is not much here to lead one to suspect that Kipling is himself again. What came over the brilliant writer of a quarter of a century ago no one knows. Perhaps he simply burned himself out; or it may have been serious illness that did the trick. Of the stories and poems in this collection the less said the better. Each individual sentence seems to mean something; occasionally whole paragraphs hang together; but anyone who takes a long breath and reads three or four pages, or perhaps even a complete story or poem, cannot for the life of him tell what it is all about. A most perplexing and disappointing book. Perhaps it is all nonsense, and this reviewer simply missed the point.

Far End, by May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1926. $2.00.

The perils of anticlimax ever confront the novelist. Consider, for example, Miss May Sinclair. In the memorable *Mr. Waddington of Wyck* she impaled the male philanderer and with merciless skill finished him perfectly, once and for all. In *The Rector of Wyck* she performed with equal finality upon the egotist. So that *Far End*, a study of an English novelist who is both philanderer and egotist, would have to be marvelous indeed to rank with its predecessors. It is n't, so it does n't.

Far End is a country house. While the novelist and his wife live there all is well. But they move to London and have children, one of them sickly. Far from shouldering his share of the burden, our hero resents his wife's enforced neglect and pursues amours. The inanities of some of this man's conversations with his mistresses are beyond belief. So is the patience of his wife. Finally, however, they return to Far End, and better days promise.

Miss Sinclair's established virtues, her sharp clarities and ironic brevities, are here present, of course. Readers with short memories will doubtless find her latest book admirable enough.

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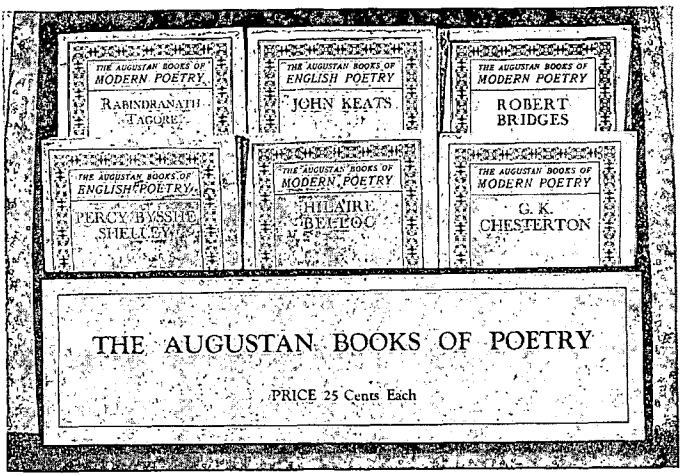
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EXTRA! EXTRA!
News Note Extraordinary

¶ Soames Forsyte, with Michael and Fleur, will register at the Hotel Potomac in Washington, D. C., on Nov. 23. Thousands of people who have come to know the Forsytes better than many of their own relatives have been waiting eagerly for the time when Soames sees Irene again. Will this be the time?

¶ "Passing By," a short story sequel to "The Silver Spoon," of which more than one hundred thousand copies have been sold, is in the Christmas Scribner's Magazine, published November 24.

¶ A second note extraordinary to fiction readers: Sherwood Anderson appears in Scribner's Magazine for the first time, with a story called "Another Wife."

¶ To all those interested in the American scene: "Two Souls at War in General Dawes" by Silas Bent is one of those articles that one must not miss.

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